National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XX. NO. 16. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1859. WHOLE NO. 1,004.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

NEW ENGLAND SLAVE-TRADERS.

From The Detroit Free Press.

THE only well-authenticated evidence of the revival of the African slave trade which comes to us implicates New England in the business. It is stated confidently by newspapers in that section that two slavers are fitting out at Salem, Mass., and another at Portland, Maine. We would wager something that, if the truth could be known, it would turn out that the parties who are fitting out these vessels do not belong to the Democratic party. We would wager something, indeed, that they belong to the Black Republican party. The fact is, New England, while the slave traffic was permitted, always did more of it than any other part of the country. The South was never much engaged in the trade, and was the first to move for its prohibition, which movement New England resisted, and it is historically true that the day of the final legal suppression of the trade was deferred for the especial accommodation of New England. If these slavers at Salem and Portland shall make good their departure for the coast of Africa, and shall succeed in landing upon the coasts of Southern States cargoes of slaves, what a howling shall we hear from all abolitiondom! How the changes will be rung upon the "reopening of the slave trade by the South"! What denunciations will be hurled at the "nefarious Southern traffic"! And we have no doubt that these slavers at Salem and Portland will make good their departure for the coast of Africa, if it depends upon the Abolitionists and Black Republicans in those quarters to detain them. If they are detained, the government at Washington will have done it. Neither Abolitionists nor Black Republicans trouble themselves about slavery or slavers immediately under their noses. It is slavery afar off that they hate. They have a world of commiseration for the miserable Greeks elsewhere, but for the miserable Greeks at their own doors they have no more care than for so many dogs. What beautiful specimens of Christians and philanthropists these Abolitionists and Black Republicans are, to be sure.

If the South does not wish to be overrun with African savages thrown upon her shores by these Northern slave-traders—and we know she does not—she must make an anti-slave-trade movement. She must stimulate public sentiment all over the country against the traffic, and call upon the Federal Government to redouble its vigilance to suppress it.

We should not be at all surprised if politics had something to do with the fitting out of the Salem and Portland vessels. It is of great importance to the Black Republican leaders that the slave trade should be revived; and if nobody else will revive it, they will!

A SOUTHERN ARGUMENT FOR THE SLAVE TRADE.

From The Mobile Register.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S experimental attempt at reopening the slave trade has indeed been temporarily suspended, but has never yet been abandoned either expressly or by implication. The earnest remonstrances of the British Government, the threatening indications of public opinion even in the French Press, his unpleasant difficulty with Portugal, convinced him that the moment was unfavorable for the execution of his gigantic project for colonial prosperity. Doubtless, also, he even then matured those gigantic schemes which only burst on startled mankind like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, full grown and in arms. Louis Napoleon was not the man to cumber his onward path with rash and useless complications. He deferred the development of his colonial policy as, on the outbreak of the late war, he deferred the development of his commercial policy, silencing opponents without destroying the hopes of the friends of his measures. But a careful observer of the French periodical press could not fail to perceive unmistakable evidence of cautious, but well-considered and systematic, steps to prepare and conciliate public opinion. Petitions from the colonial planters were encouraged, similar appeals from the English colonies were extensively translated and republished; the urgent necessity of additional labor in the tropics was the subject of many a grave and learned article in influential periodicals, as in more ephemeral sheets; finally suggestions were thrown out here and there for reconciling this vital necessity with the dictates of humanity and the hopes of philanthropy. The imperial commission of investigation recognized the fact that the urgency was becoming daily greater, but confessed that the apprentice system resembled too closely the old slave trade. Public opinion being not yet prepared for a bold casting off of the veil, the importation, after relieving the immediate wants of the sugar planters with some ten or fifteen thousand black "hands," was postponed for more mature consideration.

The experiment has been two-fold, and presided over respectively by the Emperor and the Prince Napoleon. The Emperor's experiment was to procure laborers by direct governmental action, employing the aid of the consular authorities and giving to each ship an official supercargo. Prince Napoleon's was a purely mercantile contract with private enterprise. From a careful consideration of the various plans suggested or actually carried out, we have come to the conclusion that a simple system of legislation, quite in accordance with our governmental principles, which repudiate the direct interference of Government in speculative enterprises, would be efficacious and sufficient. Consulates might be established at suitable points of the African coast, such consulates being provided with a sufficient personel and having judicial authority similar to the consulates of most European nations in barbarous countries. No vessel should be allowed to load slaves except at one of these consular depôts, and every contract should require the consular ratification to be valid. It should be the business of the consular authority to jealously watch every transaction, and to strictly carry out any requirement of the law. For instance, to see that the vessel was properly equipped in every respect, that no young children were taken on board without their mothers, and especially to prepare a careful and descriptive manifesto of the cargo, by which master and physicians might be made accountable for losses during the voyage. If thought expedient, each ship might be required to carry an inspecting officer appointed by law. All litigation between natives and shipmasters or crew to be settled in the consular tribunals, with right of appeal to our Admiralty Courts. Further: The shipping engaged in this transport should be subjected to even more stringent sanitary regulations than the shipping engaged in the emigrant trade. As emigrants are brought from Europe for less than $20 a head, including food, it is obvious that fees large enough to more than cover the expense of the consular personel would still leave a most liberal margin of profits. We have calculated, with the assistance of a shipmaster who, in the course of forty years' voyaging across the Atlantic, conveyed more than 20,000 emigrants, that negroes might be brought to our ports at an expense of eighty-five dollars, including the cost of prudential measures incomparably more perfect than those of the emigrant trade—skilful physicians, a smaller ratio of living freight to the tonnage, larger consular expenses, more elaborate arrangements in respect to food, sleeping berths, safety of the vessel; all of which is necessary from the character of a class of passengers who must be treated like so many children. Independent of these computations, it is certain that the present mortality on board slave ships, arising from the absence of all such precautions, is infinitely more expensive (in merely a business point of view) than the most costly precautionary measures.

The whole history of commercial legislation shows that any rational regulations can easily be enforced. If the law recognizes slaves as merchandise, that merchandise can be as perfectly subjected to legal control as wines, dry goods, or any staple. A shipmaster taking slaves on board at an unauthorized point, and consequently without detailed invoice, might be punished personally and by total confiscation of cargo and ship; and surely the risk of furtively landing on our coast would be infinitely greater than the expense of compliance with legal requisitions.

The first effect of practical legislation on this subject would be to bring us in intimate contact and business relations with Africa. Our consulates would be centres around which the agencies and factories of mercantile houses would cluster, in the same manner as the foundation of the British empire in India was laid. Systematic business would soon adjust the relative value of our respective commodities; and although the African trade must long remain immensely profitable, African holders would not be slow in learning the value of their wares, and refuse to part with them for anything but an equitable equivalent. Forcible abduction would be rendered impossible, and the frauds of cunning men would be successively met by legislative enactments and judicial decisions, as in every other business. We have many kinds of traffic with barbarous races, and find them generally keenly alive to bargains and profits, for the feeling of self-interest is the lowest as well as the earliest motive-spring of civilization. We trade to China, to the Loochoo Islands, to Japan, to the Indian Archipelago, to Siam, to the Sandwich Islands, and all the insular groups of the Pacific; we carry on an unsteady and feeble trade with Africa itself. Where is the impracticability of extending these commercial relations? People are so much accustomed to bear of the immorality of the slave trade that they forget that the charge grows out of and is inherited from the abhorrence of a past generation to slavery itself. Obliterate this prejudice, and the trade stands like any other, subject and amenable to the requirements of our civilization and the tenderness of our laws, but open to the arbitrament of our interests and economical policy.

Selections.

MR. M'KIM'S VISIT TO LEWISBURG.

From The Lewisburg (Pa.) Star and Chronicle, July 22.

"THE WORLD DOES MOVE!"

THE careless eye may fail to perceive, and the ignorant and the bigoted may dispute to the last, yet the fact is established that this globe *does* steadily revolve around the sun, in what appears to us illimitable space. There is progress, also, in the moral world—in arts, in sciences, in agriculture, commerce and manufactures, in government, civilization and Christianity. True as this is, yet it requires comparisons of one century with another to fully realize it. From historical stand-points, we can see the advancement of nations in very many respects desirable. The Brotherhood of Man is becoming better understood. As moral and physical improvements are accomplished, the true interests of all the race are seen to be more identified with each other, and closer acquaintance dissipates ill-founded jealousies. It is less and less true that

> "Lands separated by a narrow frith
> Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
> Make enemies of nations that had else
> Like kindred drops been mingled into one."

These were our reflections, Thursday evening of last week, as we listened to an address from J. Miller McKim, in the Lewisburg Independent Hall, on the present prospects and past history of the Anti-Slavery enterprise in this country. The evening was very warm, and yet the speaker held the closest attention of a respectable audience for nearly two hours. Years have made some impression upon Mr. McKim, since we first heard him—then a young man; but his heart is still fresh, and his courage strong. We do not agree with him in all his views, yet his spirit is so amiable, and his aim so excellent, we can but bid him God-speed.

The speaker stated that among all the changes of this changeable world, few had gratified him so much as the prosperity so apparent in Lewisburg. Had he been set down in our streets, utterly ignorant of where he was, he would not have recognized the thriving town, then a small village. He hoped our moral progress kept pace with our literary advancement and our expansion in buildings. He then took up the Declaration of Principles promulgated by the American Anti-Slavery Society at its formation in Philadelphia in 1833. The *object* designed was to perfect the work begun by our Fathers of the Revolution—to abrogate the remaining involuntary bondage throughout the nation, and to elevate the condition of the children of Africa generally. The *means* to this end were moral and peaceful, only.

Not quite twenty-two years ago, Mr. McKim visited the interior of Pennsylvania, on behalf of this Society. Everywhere he went, he was met with reproach, falsehood, calumny, and often with brickbats and unmerchantable eggs. It was very difficult, and sometimes impossible, to get even a hearing. This was the state of the public mind generally, even in the Free States. Now, however, they could speak anywhere, North, East or West, under just as pleasant circumstances as to-night, without molestation; and although still at times misrepresented, they are gaining in public confidence and esteem. No longer stigmatized as "amalgamationists" and "negro worshippers," they are treated—like other citizens—with the respect due to their character as men and as women.

In 1837, scarcely a newspaper could be found in the whole land which would allow anti-slavery men to publish in its columns their true sentiments and views; but, instead, the vilest and grossest and worst doctrines were imputed to them, and forgeries unblushingly resorted to in order to influence the ignorant and unsuspecting against them. Now, however, the leading and most widely circulated newspapers, especially in the North, published their speeches, &c., as a matter of news, with comparative accuracy and fairness.

In 1837, anti-slavery lecturers and preachers were not admitted into good society. Now, Beecher and Hale, and Chapin and Sumner, and Phillips and Parker, and Cheever and Burleigh, and many others, were the most popular preachers or platform speakers in the land. Then Abolitionists were often excluded from churches without ceremony, and all denominations shielded slavery far more than at present. In many churches, slaveholding is now prohibited, and the excommunicating process is resorted to against pro-slavery more than against anti-slavery persons.

About twenty years ago, the anti-slavery power had no fair representation in Congress. Adams defended the right of petition, along with Giddings and others, but at first these men did little or nothing in the way of advancing positive anti-slavery principles. Now, petitions are received; nearly every speech refers to the subject then proscribed; and there are a hundred men in the House, and a score in the Senate, who speak or vote against slavery, in a city where the domestic slave trade is by Congress prohibited. He would not criticize the *motives* of these men, but the *fact* is most significant.

The recent acquittal, in Philadelphia, by Slave-Commissioner Longstreth, of Daniel Webster, of Harisburg, was a signal proof that the popular feeling is changing, even in Pennsylvania, the most slavery-ridden of all the free States. That stoutly-contested trial evinced that the "praying men" not only, but also "the swearing men"—they who burned the splendid Pennsylvania Hall, and destroyed the houses of "niggers" over their heads—now rejoice at the escape of fugitives. Official men, hard-hearted office-holders and politicians, show sympathy with the oppressed, and wink at their escape. The Fugitive Slave law has well-nigh repealed itself.

The three Douglasses, Wells Brown, Miss Watkins, Charles Remond, and many other colored men, can now successfully maintain, on any stage, their mental equality. By the side of the most degraded blacks, equally degraded but more favored whites can be found. In crime, the whites are the worst, even in proportion to numbers.

Mr. McKim gave some details of persons escaping from servitude by being boxed up—coming by express, &c.—a mode of procedure which he and the Society had always discouraged, as very pernicious, very dangerous, and very expensive. What does the release, by buying or otherwise, of one here and there do towards abrogating the gigantic system which enfolds millions? The Society dissuades from everything that looks like stealing or enticing away—yet, when an escaped bondman has achieved his freedom and needs aid, they cannot refuse to ensure his safety. The sufferings and dangers daily endured by men and women to gain liberty exhibited as much lofty heroism as any recorded in any history, sacred or profane. The martyr-spirit has been shown in this cause as fully as in any other.

Some statistics of the Underground Railroad were given, but he stated that its proceedings—although becoming more and more popular—were not yet officially published. It is a great "institution" to restore stolen men to liberty—to the rights of which they have been robbed.

The movement to gain Texas and extend slavery brought in California—which was much more than the Propagandists bargained for. They violated the Missouri Compromise to push slavery into the North-West, and have "caught a Tartar" in Kansas and Nebraska. Thus, practically, the Slave Power is foiled. It now demands Cuba and the foreign slave trade.

On the whole, Mr. McKim felt hopeful for the great cause to which his life was devoted. He is not a Republican—did not vote for Fremont—but he was glad to see any advance made by any sect or party towards the right. The cause invites assistance from every quarter. The first Abolition Society in America was incorporated by Pennsylvania, and embraced such men as Franklin and Rush, Lafayette and Paine—Christians and Infidels, rich and poor, native and foreign born, military men and Quakers—all united to do away with slavery. So ought all to labor, in whatever way they deemed best, to accomplish the great end for which the Society was designed, and for which it persistently labors with such happy results.

In further elucidation of his subject, Mr. McKim might have referred to the fact that, about 25 years ago, the U. S. mails were openly rifled in Southern cities, and anti-slavery papers, &c., burned, with the tacit consent of the Postmaster-General, and President Van Buren, who was the Free Soil candidate for President in 1848. Now, anti-slavery papers go by thousands over the South, and Uncle Toms and negro melodies are the most popular literature. . . Opponents of slavery secure more their constitutional liberty of speech and travel now than then. . . The last, long contest to enforce a Fugitive bill on the Western Reserve probably closed that infamous enactment in that quarter. . . The last Pro-Slavery Convention of Maryland, called to enslave or expel all free people of color, became an unwilling evidence of their worth and necessity. Balaam-like, it blessed those it was called to curse. . . Mere politicians in the North, instead of making capital by continually denouncing a little handful of Abolitionists and constantly pandering to slavery, stand aghast before the one quarter millions of determined freemen who voted for Fremont. Even the pro-slavery Democracy try to show that the Kansas frauds and murders—like the selling of Joseph, and other high crimes—will "come out right in the end," and will probably claim to have been the best friends of the colored man all along!

On the other hand, there are now thousands who openly advocate slavery as a Divine right, and clamor for the African slave trade, where there were hundreds a few years ago. . . Slavery pushes itself into free territory, and Congress, the President, and the Supreme Court declare it cannot there be touched. . . The civil and political disabilities of the colored people—in the teeth of all our high-sounding pretensions, and of the Revolutionary war-cry, "No Taxation without Representation"—have increased rather than diminished. These are drawbacks on the bright prospects exhibited. Still it is the part of the true philanthropist, the genuine patriot, the Bible Christian, to hope and work, as the door opens before them, in the cheerful expectation that "all these things shall work together for good." The children of a common Father, for whom our Savior died, shall not always groan under worse than Egyptian bondage. The day approaches when

> "All Crime shall cease, and ancient Fraud shall fail,
> Returning Justice lift aloft her scale,
> Peace o'er the world her olive-wand extend,
> And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend."

THE OHIO "CHRISTIAN ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION."

From The Ashtabula Sentinel.

THIS Convention, which met August 10th and 11th, in Columbus, was well attended, particularly by ministers, from other parts of the State—south as well as north. The attendance from the south part of Ohio verifies frequent assertions that the anti-slavery sentiment is diffused all over the State. From this county we notice the names of Rev. A. D. Olds, Herman Gear, L. B. Beach and Hon. J. R. Giddings. The following resolutions were reported from various committees, and adopted:

1. Resolved, That the natural law, giving to every human being the right to live, to that liberty which is necessary to cherish and protect life, obtain knowledge and prepare for heaven, is but the clearly revealed word of God.

2. That to enslave innocent men and women, paralyzing the moral faculties, shutting out the light of truth from the understanding and compelling them to drag out an earthly existence amidst the gloom and darkness of moral death, constitutes one of the most aggravated violations of God's will, one of the most momentous crimes presented to human consideration.

3. That the turpitude of this crime rests on all who capture, enslave, import, sell, purchase, hold, re-capture, or re-enslave human beings; on all who aid, encourage, pass, approve, or enforce enactments for the capture, enslaving, holding, re-capture or re-enslavement of God's image, and the persons thus offending will be held responsible at the bar of God.

4. That governments are constituted among men to secure the enjoyment of human rights, and they hold no just authority to violate the will of God by depriving the humblest individual of his liberty. That Congress, in passing the [illegible] act to capture or enslave, to re-capture or re-enslave men, nor did they impose upon any person the duty to submit to such capture or enslavement, nor is the law of God, nor the inalienable right of man, changed or modified by such enactments, nor are our Christian duties to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, protect and defend the lives and liberties of ourselves and fellow men, impaired or changed by the enactment.

5. That the Fugitive Slave act does not command that which is right, nor does it forbid that which is wrong—it comes within no description of law and purposes no essential element of law—it is an assertion of the will of slaveholders, and not the will of God; it is the mandate of despotism and not the statute or law of a Christian people; to maintain it is to uphold slavery in its worst and most revolting features; to permit its enforcement on the soil of Ohio constitutes a surrender of the rights and the dignity of our State and the liberties of our people.

6. That, irrespective of political organizations, we will vote for no man for office who hesitates to assert and, to the extent of his religious, moral and political influence, maintains the right of our State and its people to be entirely lustrated and exempt from the expense, the guilt and disgrace of supporting the slavery of other States.

7. Resolved, That it is the duty of Christians and of Christian ministers to bear faithful testimony against the sin of slavery, ecclesiastically, socially and politically, through the pulpit and the religious press, and to carry the wrongs of the oppressed to the throne of grace in importunate prayer, that God may speedily deliver them that are in bonds.

8. Resolved, That to have any voluntary agency, official or otherwise, in the recapture or rendition of a fugitive slave is incompatible with Christian character, and, unless repented of, should be punished by excommunication in the case of any church-member guilty of the crime against humanity and God; this Convention do therefore approve of the act of excision passed recently by the Market-street Church of Zanesville, Muskingum County, against a member who, in the capacity of U. S. Marshal, restored a fugitive to his claimant in Virginia.

9. Resolved, That the example of the Oberlin-Wellington Rescuers, in patiently suffering a long imprisonment for their noble disregard of the unconstitutional and unchristian Fugitive Slave act, not accepting deliverance on any terms that would compromise principle and weaken the moral effect of their act and testimony, and finally triumphing over the government, and gaining a release honorable to themselves, but disgraceful to their persecutors, and humiliating to the Slave Power, meets our hearty commendation, and calls forth our gratitude to God, whose wisdom guided and whose grace sustained them.

The committee appointed to propose a plan of operations for the future respectfully submit the following report:

We recommend—

1st. That the Convention appoint a committee of twelve men, representing different parts of the State and different denominations of Christians, whose duty it shall be to manage and promote the interests of the anti-slavery cause as they are represented by this Convention, for the ensuing year, and until they are discharged by a similar Convention to be called by themselves, at the most suitable time and place next year.

2d. That this committee be recommended to appoint a general agent, richly imbued with the love of God and man, who shall lecture through the State for the ensuing year, and collect funds for the promotion of our cause.

3d. That the general agent, with the direction of a sub-committee, of twelve, be authorized to employ other lecturers, whenever and wherever suitable men can be obtained, as far as the state of the treasury will permit.

4th. That these lecturers provide themselves with anti-slavery books and tracts, under the direction of the sub committee, and sell them as extensively as possible through the State; also that they act as agents for anti-slavery papers.

5th. That the committee and general agents be advised to secure, as far as possible, the co-operation of the churches and ministers of the State, and of county committees to be appointed by County Christian Anti-Slavery Conventions.

6th. That the committee be advised to establish, if they should deem it expedient, a Christian anti-slavery paper, as an advocate of our principles, and a means of communication, and that they be required to publish, from time to time, an account of their proceedings.

7th. That the committee be instructed to correspond with prominent friends of our cause in other States, recommending a system of operations similar to our own; and also with reference to a great Northern Christian Anti-Slavery Convention to be held late in the autumn.

8th. That the surplus funds, beyond what can be profitably employed in this State, be expended in the circulation of anti slavery literature in the Southern States.

9th. That we commence a subscription on the spot as the nucleus of a fund to enable our committee to prosecute the cause immediately.

10th. That we request all the Christian ministers of the State to embrace an early opportunity to present to their congregations the evil and sin of slavery, and the duties of the people in regard to it.

[JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, on his return from the Convention, wrote an account of it for the *Ashtabula Sentinel*, from which we copy the following:]

It was composed of men from all parts of the State; men of principle, men who are well acquainted with the doctrine of human rights and the obligations of human governments. They are not seeking office, but the elevation of our race. They care nothing for political parties, further than those parties subserve the cause of liberty and justice. Their reasons for the maintenance of liberty are clearly expressed in the resolutions, which the reader will find in another column of this paper. Their abhorrence of the Fugitive Slave act is well expressed. Indeed, the essential doctrines of the Convention, that "*liberty is the law of nature, the clearly revealed will of God,*" are but the doctrines of all Christian publicists and commentators on law during the present century. The idea that they are equally founded upon the Gospel was plainly set forth by the late Hon. John Quincy Adams in an official report made to the House of Representatives in 1844, and numbered 404.

The report is remarkable as the first official document in the archives of the nation which bases the Declaration of Independence and all our rights to liberty upon the Gospel, as well as upon the will of God and the law of Nature. And we rejoice that now, after so many years, the clergy of Ohio, of all denominations, have so clearly reiterated the doctrines which for three-fourths of a century have been asserted by all approved writers and commentators upon Natural Law throughout the civilized world, as well as the most approved statesmen of our own nation. And we say to all who were once Whigs, that just so far as they fail of coming up to the first six resolutions of the State Christian Convention, they fall below the moral position of Mr. Adams and of leading Whigs of 1844.

Again, the lovers of liberty should understand that the moral influence of these hundreds of clergymen in various parts of the State will never be seduced to the support of men who are ready to yield up the rights of Ohio and the liberties of our people, by supporting any man for office who gives up his moral influence to sustain the Fugitive act. The men who now seek to humble our people by making them the slave-catchers for those of other States should understand that the Christianity of Ohio spurns the wicked humiliation. Christians hold that "*mandate of despotism*" in utter detestation. They will not participate in its wickedness. In short, they reiterate not only the doctrines of Christian publicists and expounders of the laws of nature and of nations, but they accord precisely with the doctrines embraced in the Declaration of Independence and repeated in the Philadelphia Platform; and we may suggest to those who are seeking to let down this high moral position of the party that such modification as they are seeking must, if made, leave the party in a minority, so far as Ohio is concerned.

But while we thus rejoice to see the Christianity of our State wielding its influence for Christian principles, it is our duty to say that their confidence in the Republican party has been somewhat impaired by the decision of our Supreme Court, and by the failure of the State Convention to discard that decision by express resolution; as well as by an avowal of sentiments in favor of the Fugitive act by public men professing to belong to the Republican party. It is due to our readers that we should say, many of the Wesleyan Methodists, of the Free Presbyterians, Seceders and other religious men have become distrustful of the Republican party, and doubt the propriety of sustaining some of its candidates. If there be doubts as to the result of the coming election, such doubts have arisen from this distrust. These men have voted with us since 1856, and we have succeeded; but an effort is now put fort to conciliate the supporters of the Fugitive act; and just so far as Republicans have sought support from men who would humble our people by compelling them to participate in the crimes of capturing and enslaving men on Ohio soil, just to that extent have they lost the confidence of the moral and religious portion of our people. The result was so plain that we pointed it out to our readers more than a year since; and we note it now to say that no part of the odium of apostatizing from the Republican doctrines shall rest on us, nor shall men say that we have failed to speak frankly in regard to it.

THE WEST INDIAN BLACK MAN.

THE pro-slavery journals, with *The Constitution* at their head, still refuse to be comforted because the free colored people of the North and the Abolitionists have chosen to remember that the 1st of August is the anniversary of the Day of Jubilee in the British West Indies, and have celebrated it accordingly. Our unhappy friends have reason. The historical fact that a powerful government was reluctantly compelled by a humane public opinion to emancipate eight hundred thousand chattel slaves, and to pay their owners one hundred millions of dollars, is one which an oligarchy of three hundred thousand men, owning four millions of slaves in a republic of thirty millions of people, may naturally enough wish should be forgotten. As it has been, however, annually remembered and obstinately rejoiced over for a quarter of a century, and as the disposition of these impudent black and fanatical white people to continue to remember and to continue to rejoice over it is evidently incorrigible, our pro-slavery friends are put to their wit-ends to know how to comport themselves under such aggravating circumstances. Hitherto they have thought themselves masters of the situation. At first they were silent; then contemptuous; then abusive; till at length, gone almost mad with rage and fear, they are driven from their masterly inactivity and their more masterly vituperation, and have rushed to argument and statistics. They could give no stronger evidence of their weakness and their desperation. It is here precisely where these jubilant and contumacious revellers of the 1st of August, these revilers of patriarchal institutions, are most glad to meet them. There is not a "sable orator" of them all who would not send even the editor of *The Constitution* himself, which you know is rather hard thinking. You know, too, that you proved a traitor to me in the time of need, and when in the most bitter distress that the human soul is capable of experiencing; and could you have carried out your purposes, there would have been no relief. But I rejoice to say that an unseen, kind spirit appeared for the oppressed, and bade me take up my bed and walk—the result of which is that I am victorious and you are defeated.

I am comfortably situated in Canada, working for George Harris, one of the persons that acted a part in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He was a slave a few years ago in Kentucky, and now owns a farm, so level that there are not hills enough on it to hide a dog, yet so large that I got lost in it the other day. He says that I may be the means of helping poor fugitives and doing them as much good as he does, in time.

This country is not what it has been represented to me and others to be. In place of its being cold and barren, it has a beautiful, comfortable climate, and fertile soil. It is more desirable in these respects than any part of Kentucky that I ever saw. There is only one thing to prevent me being entirely happy here, and that is the want of my dear wife and children, and you to see us enjoying ourselves together here. I wish you could realize the contrast between freedom and slavery; but it is not likely that we shall ever meet again on this earth. But if you want to go to the next world and meet a God of love, mercy and justice, in peace, who says, "Inasmuch as you did it to the least of these my little ones, you did it unto me"—making the professions that you do, pretending to be a follower of Christ, and tormenting me and my little ones as you have done—you had better repair the breaches you have made among us in this world, by sending my wife and children to me; thus preparing to meet your God in peace; for, if God don't punish you for inflicting such distress on the poorest of His poor, then there is no use of *having* any God, or *talking* about one. But, in this letter, I have said enough to cause you to do all that is necessary for you to do, providing you are any part of the man you pretend to be. So I will close by saying that, if you see proper to reply to my letter, either condemning or justifying the course you have taken with me, I will again write you.

I hope you will consider candidly and see if the case does not justify every word I have said and ten times as much. You must not consider that it is a slave talking to "massa" now, but one as free as yourself.

I subscribe myself one of the *abused* of America, but one of the *justified* and *honored* in Canada.

JACKSON WHITNEY.

THE SLAVE TRADE FROM NEW YORK.

Correspondence of The Charleston Mercury.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15, 1859.

I SAID in a recent letter that a dozen or twenty slavers left this port annually. Facts that have recently come to my knowledge convince me that this statement is no exaggeration. The forbidden traffic is, of course, conducted with the profoundest secrecy, and it is not possible for any one person, even though he were an operator himself, to know the whole extent of the business, and name all the parties engaged in it, as it is not a monopoly, but open to the competition of every daring man with money, like any other pursuit. There is a class of general facts, however, which cannot be kept wholly secret, and which are well known to many persons beside your correspondent.

The slave trade, like many other trades, has its managers, its brokers, or go-betweens, and its capitalists. The first class is composed of Cubans, Brazilians, Portuguese, and occasionally Americans—the latter from New York, Boston and other down-East ports, and Baltimore. Most of them were originally engaged in the legitimate African trade, and, while in quest of palm oil and ivory, were drawn into the slave business by becoming acquainted with its facilities and profits. They are perfectly familiar with the African coast and rivers, and are acclimated to the country. Of course, they are thorough dare-devils by nature, for no other men would assume the fearful risks of the traffic. The second class, or go-betweens, are very pleasant, oily, elegantly dressed and be-diamonded persons—mostly Cubans—who put up at the best hotels, visit the great watering-places, lounge in the *coulisses* of the opera, mark the time with their heavy-jewelled fingers, and indulge in ostentatiously uttered "bravas." "Our best society" welcomes them as it does all other gaudy adventurers. It is in the wealthy but vulgar circles, to which their superficial attractions and indomitable impudence gain them ready access, that they pick up capital for the trade. Confidence once established, the subject is skilfully introduced, speculative avarice is aroused, and the man who swindles his fellow-creature in the banking, brokering or other business is very easily reconciled to the delinquencies of the slave trade. It will pay magnificently, or at least it does in seven cases out of ten, and that is all he wants to know. He is introduced to the first class, the managers, and negotiations are soon closed. The contracts entered into, though fraudulent in law, are, without doubt, as faithfully and honorably observed as those characters and whose opportunities for observation cannot be impeached or doubted. True, it refers only to black people—black people whom we, in this country, think have no rights which white people need respect. But, consider that it is not our blacks, nor our opinions, that are in question. But—what did Great Britain mean to do by emancipation? If it was to benefit the blacks—then, are the blacks benefited? This is the question before the meeting. Emancipation a success looked at with reference to Cuffee? Is Cuffee better off when his nakedness is clothed on with torture, as it was in 1828–9, according to the official returns of the four crown colonies, than when he is up to his ears in Mr. Carlyle's pumpkins, and imbibing saccharine juices as the lessee—actually the lessee—of sugar estates, with all their wide fields of cane, their steam-engines, their sugar-houses, and all the appliances of extensive agriculture, and of an intricate business requiring both head and hands? There is but one answer possible. The most virulent of slaveholders does not pretend that there can be. His very complaint that the negro will not work for his old master is a confession that, so far as the negro is concerned, emancipation is successful. For consider; work is a blessing only for what it gives to the moral, the spiritual, the material man. The black man who labors, and labors hard, without wages, and is paid only in poor food, scant clothing, and unlimited whippings, is in an improved condition when, for little or no labor, he gets as much food, and as much clothing, and he could not live with less—and as to whippings at all. If, in addition to this, his wife and children, who once belonged to another, being held as the material of his interests, or the victims of his lust, become the happy inmates of a happy though humble home; if he becomes a thriving villager where once he was an abject slave; if the church opens its wide portals for an enlightened worship where he once groped in heathen darkness; if the school-bell calls his children to school, where once the gong hastened them to field-labor under the lash; then indeed does the other scale kick the beam. In short, there is nobody so bold as to dispute this proposition—unless it be one whose boldness is that of the fool incapable either of understanding an argument or of comprehending a fact—that British emancipation, considered solely with reference to the Black West Indian, his moral, his intellectual, his material condition, is one of the most remarkable and one of the most complete acts recorded on the page of history as committed by a government. "Considered with reference to the 'niggers!'" exclaims our Democratic friend. "Are there no white men in the West Indies? Are there, indeed, no West Indies at all? And have not both been sacrificed to this infernal 'nigger' and his pumpkin?" Friend, do not swear—we will see presently.—*Tribune.*

FROM A FUGITIVE SLAVE TO HIS MASTER.

From The Jamestown (N. Y.) Journal.

"FUGITIVE'S HOME," Sandwich, C. W., March 18, 1859.

MR. WM. RILEY, Springfield, Ky.—*Sir:* I take this opportunity to dictate a few lines to you, supposing you might be curious to know my whereabouts. I am happy to inform you that I am in Canada, in good health, and have been here several days. Perhaps, by this time, you have concluded that robbing a woman of her husband, and children of their father, does not pay, at least in your case; and I thought, while lying in jail by your direction, that if you had no remorse of conscience that would make you feel for a poor, broken-hearted man, and his worse-than-murdered wife and children, and could not be made to feel for others as you would have others feel for you, and could not by any entreaty or persuasion be induced to do as you promised you would, which was to let me go with my family for $800, but contended for $1,000, when you had promised to take the same you gave for me (which was $660), at the time you bought me, and let me go with my dear wife and children! but instead would render me miserable, and lie to me, and to your neighbors (now if words mean anything, what I say is so), and when you was at Louisville trying to sell me! then I thought it was time for me to make my feet feel for Canada, and let your conscience feel in your pocket. Now you cannot say but that I did all that was honorable and right while I was with you, although I was a slave. I pretended all the time that I thought you, [illegible] myself, which you know is rather hard thinking. You know, too, that you proved a traitor to me in the time of need, and when in the most bitter distress that the human soul is capable of experiencing; and could you have carried out your purposes, there would have been no relief. But I rejoice to say that an unseen, kind spirit appeared for the oppressed, and bade me take up my bed and walk—the result of which is that I am victorious and you are defeated.

I am comfortably situated in Canada, working for George Harris, one of the persons that acted a part in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He was a slave a few years ago in Kentucky, and now owns a farm, so level that there are not hills enough on it to hide a dog, yet so large that I got lost in it the other day. He says that I may be the means of helping poor fugitives and doing them as much good as he does, in time.

This country is not what it has been represented to me and others to be. In place of its being cold and barren, it has a beautiful, comfortable climate, and fertile soil. It is more desirable in these respects than any part of Kentucky that I ever saw. There is only one thing to prevent me being entirely happy here, and that is the want of my dear wife and children, and you to see us enjoying ourselves together here. I wish you could realize the contrast between freedom and slavery; but it is not likely that we shall ever meet again on this earth. But if you want to go to the next world and meet a God of love, mercy and justice, in peace, who says, "Inasmuch as you did it to the least of these my little ones, you did it unto me"—making the professions that you do, pretending to be a follower of Christ, and tormenting me and my little ones as you have done—you had better repair the breaches you have made among us in this world, by sending my wife and children to me; thus preparing to meet your God in peace; for, if God don't punish you for inflicting such distress on the poorest of His poor, then there is no use of *having* any God, or *talking* about one. But, in this letter, I have said enough to cause you to do all that is necessary for you to do, providing you are any part of the man you pretend to be. So I will close by saying that, if you see proper to reply to my letter, either condemning or justifying the course you have taken with me, I will again write you.

I hope you will consider candidly and see if the case does not justify every word I have said and ten times as much. You must not consider that it is a slave talking to "massa" now, but one as free as yourself.

I subscribe myself one of the *abused* of America, but one of the *justified* and *honored* in Canada.

JACKSON WHITNEY.

THE SLAVE TRADE FROM NEW YORK.

Correspondence of The Charleston Mercury.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15, 1859.

I SAID in a recent letter that a dozen or twenty slavers left this port annually. Facts that have recently come to my knowledge convince me that this statement is no exaggeration. The forbidden traffic is, of course, conducted with the profoundest secrecy, and it is not possible for any one person, even though he were an operator himself, to know the whole extent of the business, and name all the parties engaged in it, as it is not a monopoly, but open to the competition of every daring man with money, like any other pursuit. There is a class of general facts, however, which cannot be kept wholly secret, and which are well known to many persons beside your correspondent.

The slave trade, like many other trades, has its managers, its brokers, or go-betweens, and its capitalists. The first class is composed of Cubans, Brazilians, Portuguese, and occasionally Americans—the latter from New York, Boston and other down-East ports, and Baltimore. Most of them were originally engaged in the legitimate African trade, and, while in quest of palm oil and ivory, were drawn into the slave business by becoming acquainted with its facilities and profits. They are perfectly familiar with the African coast and rivers, and are acclimated to the country. Of course, they are thorough dare-devils by nature, for no other men would assume the fearful risks of the traffic. The second class, or go-betweens, are very pleasant, oily, elegantly dressed and be-diamonded persons—mostly Cubans—who put up at the best hotels, visit the great watering-places, lounge in the *coulisses* of the opera, mark the time with their heavy-jewelled fingers, and indulge in ostentatiously uttered "bravas." "Our best society" welcomes them as it does all other gaudy adventurers. It is in the wealthy but vulgar circles, to which their superficial attractions and indomitable impudence gain them ready access, that they pick up capital for the trade. Confidence once established, the subject is skilfully introduced, speculative avarice is aroused, and the man who swindles his fellow-creature in the banking, brokering or other business is very easily reconciled to the delinquencies of the slave trade. It will pay magnificently, or at least it does in seven cases out of ten, and that is all he wants to know. He is introduced to the first class, the managers, and negotiations are soon closed. The contracts entered into, though fraudulent in law, are, without do

will come when there will be absolutely no negroes in Charleston. And, already, such is the presumptuous insolence of the slaves in aping their masters, or such is the rate at which the masters have become Africanized, that an unsophisticated Irishman or Dutchman is already unable to tell one from another by personal appearance, manners or demeanor. When color goes, all is gone. The beautiful and harmonious order of Southern society will give way to a disgusting hotch-potch such as prevails in the free States and in Europe. And then the dreadful loss of property that will ensue! Here is one gentleman already out of pocket $3 000 by the bleaching of only 15 picaninnies. It is really terrible. A remedy must be found. The only corrective that occurs to us at present is one which was tried by the ancient Romans, we believe, with some degree of success. They, too, like our friends of South Carolina, were a good deal bothered by the difficulty of distinguishing slaves from freemen, and, to obviate the difficulty, they prescribed to their bondmen a peculiar costume, by which they could be identified. If we remember rightly, they went with their heads uncovered. Let us suggest this as a distinguishing mark to the perplexed Charlestonians. Prohibit to Sambo and to Dinah the use of hat, cap, or bonnet, which, in so genial a climate, will be no hardship, and they will not be mistaken for gentlemen or ladies, nor you for runaway slaves.—*Tribune.*

THE FUGITIVE SLAVES OF CANADA WEST.

Cleveland Correspondence of The Anglo-African.

THE Colonial Government of Jamaica, I have reason to believe, will very soon appoint James Stanley, Esq., of this city, agent for the emigration of colored laborers to that island from Canada and the United States. The arrangements are to be made under the immigration act of 1858, which provides for the payment of passages and a stipulated sum per diem for three years. The success of such enterprises depends greatly upon the character of the immigrants to be obtained; and as every friend of humanity has more or less sympathy for the fugitive slaves in Canada, a brief sketch of their history in this connection cannot fail to be of the highest interest.

Twenty years ago, the number of colored residents in Canada West was 3 400. There are now more than 30,000. In 1840 there were a few settlers near Dawn and around Malden—some of them old slaves manumitted by the war of 1812, and owning a few acres of ground given them by the Crown for their services in the war under Tecumseh. In 1847, at Dawn, their first steam mill was built, and the still lingering educational institution at that place had flourished and failed. But in four months after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, 10 000 emigrants poured into the province. Crowds gathered upon the frontier. The Government barracks were thrown open for their use; but many, unable to find shelter therein, illuminated the sacred shore with the fires of their camps. Each boat up the river Thames carried as many as could stand upon its decks, and hundreds hurried to leave the frontier through the wood on foot.

The few generous colored settlers received them as best they could, and dozens found a resting place on the floor of a single room. Their former employments as servants were sought for, but found not. Prejudice had, happily, closed her door against them as such, and there was no work for the needy but to chop cordwood and clear the forests. Many were city bred, but they were driven to it, and the result was, they found this employment so much more independent and healthy that they became utterly disgusted with their former pursuits, and declared that they would never more be menials for any man or people. A new life seemed open for them; their spirits revived, and each man stretched his nerve to become the possessor of land. The King Settlement, of some 15.000 acres, was speedily taken up, despite the opposition with which they met from prejudiced whites.

From that time they have steadily progressed, increasing in numbers, in wealth, and in intelligence. Their acres of land are now numbered by the hundred thousand. They are practical farmers, and have churches, schools, physicians, and editors. They sway the elections in those different counties, and are, altogether, laying a more solid foundation for the next generation than is being laid by the colored people of any State or Province outside of the tropics. But the small territory over which they shall wield an influence so all puissant lies west of Lake Ontario and north of 43° 30′ of north latitude. North of this they are affected with the asthma, and the seasons are exceedingly disagreeable. East of this the lands are already too high-priced to be bought by penniless immigrants.

It is therefore conclusive, though they have prospered thus far beyond all precedent, their prosperity is limited. They want more lands where it is not quite so cold. They need to be identified with the ruling element of the country in which they live. Finally, God has provided Canada as a place of refuge and temporary asylum for the oppressed, hard driven, and hunted Africo-American, where, self-reliant and superior to circumstances, he may demonstrate his industry and his capability of improvement preparatory to commanding in genial climes that position among the nations of the earth which is fast being recognized as his inevitable destiny.

PRESIDENTIAL PROSPECTS.

It is quite clear to us that, unless the Republicans elect a President in 1860, no election by the people can take place. The number of electoral votes, including Kansas—which will, in all probability, be admitted at the next session of Congress—will be 306, and a majority of this number, necessary to a choice of a President and Vice-President, is 154. The South has 120 electors, and the free States, including Kansas, will number 186 electors. So that the Black Democracy cannot succeed unless they can carry every Southern State, and Northern States enough to make up 34 electors. We subjoin a table of the number of electors belonging to each State, with the aggregate political strength of the free and slave States, respectively.

FREE STATES.—The free States will be entitled to votes in the electoral college as follows:

Maine,	8	Michigan,	6
New Hampshire,	5	Indiana,	13
Vermont,	5	Illinois,	11
Massachusetts,	13	Iowa,	4
Rhode Island,	4	Wisconsin,	5
Connecticut,	6	California,	4
New York,	35	Minnesota,	4
New Jersey,	7	Oregon,	3
Pennsylvania,	27	Kansas,	3
Ohio,	23		
Total.			186

SLAVE STATES.—The slave States will be entitled to votes in the electoral college as follows:

Virginia,	15	Louisiana,	6
Delaware,	3	Arkansas,	4
Maryland,	8	Tennessee,	12
North Carolina,	10	Kentucky,	12
South Carolina,	8	Missouri,	9
Georgia,	10	Florida,	3
Alabama,	9	Texas,	4
Mississippi,	7		
		Total,	120

Total vote of free States,	186
Total vote of slave States,	120
Majority for free States,	66
Aggregate vote of free and slave States,	306
Majority necessary to elect a President,	154

It is only necessary to cast the eye over the above table to recognize the truth of the remark at the head of this article. It is impossible that the disorganized factions which still cling to the name of Democracy can, by any combination of interests, manage to elect a President; and the truth is, that, even united, as they were in 1856, they are a minority in the country.

But they cannot unite. The breaches grow wider every day, and render it more and more impossible to rally the people under their old standards. There can be no union patched up between the followers of Douglas, with his squatter sovereignty; the followers of Wise, with his slave-code; and the followers of Jefferson Davis, with his repeal of the laws which prohibit the African slave trade. The two latter factions may unite cordially, and will do so, as there is no substantial difference between them; but neither can touch Mr. Douglas, with his squatter platform, without exposing themselves to certain defeat by the Southern opposition, who will not hesitate to step in and occupy the ultra pro-slavery ground as soon as it shall be vacated by the sham Democracy. Neither can Mr. Douglas come down from his popular sovereignty platform to that occupied by the Southern politicians, without at once losing the confidence and support of his supporters. Even Mr. Forney, while urging the claims of Mr. Douglas to the Presidency, threatens to desert him if he flinches in the support of his principles.—*National Era.*

THE EDINBURGH LADIES' EMANCIPATION COMMITTEE.

AT a meeting of the Edinburgh Ladies' Emancipation Committee, held 7th July, 1859, reference was made to the formation in London of a new Emancipation Committee, with which is connected the name of George Thompson, a name ever associated with freedom for the oppressed, and with grateful remembrance of the struggles for West India Emancipation, in the success of which he was so powerful an instrument. The excellent preamble and resolutions of the new Society demonstrated the necessity that existed for such an organization, to aid in watching over the anti-slavery cause. It was required to watch not only the pro-slavery movements in the United States, but the pro-slavery agencies that, from time to time, appear in Britain. The Society is also needed to stimulate kindred Societies throughout the country, and (being located in the metropolis) to furnish a national voice against American slavery, and American pro-slavery legitimists.

The Secretary was directed to forward a copy of the foregoing minute to the Secretary of the new Emancipation Committee, and to express a wish on the part of the Society that success may attend every movement in which they may engage, which shall be calculated to aid the anti-slavery struggle.

(Signed) ELIZA WIGHAM, Secretary.

—*London Anti-Slavery Advocate.*

WHAT THE CANADIANS MIGHT DO.

ALL parties in Canada are avowed enemies of slavery, and their sympathies, as a part of Christendom, are not to be despised. But if the Canadians really desire to aid us in the great cause of emancipation, they have it in their power to render us the most efficient aid. Let them annex themselves to the United States, as they can do, with the consent of the mother country, by a unanimous and persistent appeal to Parliament. The British Provinces are old enough and large enough to take this position, and the tone of the English journals and statesmen indicates that no serious opposition would be made in that quarter, if the Provinces really desire to form a part of the American Union. With the five Provinces converted into as many States, or perhaps into seven or eight States, the power of slavery in the Federal Councils would be reduced to insignificance. As a condition of annexation, the freedom of fugitive slaves already there would be stipulated, as a matter of course; and the repeal or essential modification of the Fugitive law would strip it of its terrors to all who in future might make their way to that region. But, with the British Provinces represented at Washington, slavery would cease to be formidable; and the oligarchy would cease to give a diabolical tone to the public opinion of any section of the Union. By all means, let us annex the Provinces. The Northern sham Democracy dare not oppose the measure. —*National Era.*

BITTER FRUITS OF SLAVERY.

From The London Anti-Slavery Reporter.

ON Friday, July 15th, John Bardoe, otherwise Ojee Ojum, an African, who had been acquitted a few days before on a charge of having unlawfully stabbed a city police officer, committed suicide in Clerkenwell jail. It came out in the evidence on the trial that he had been kidnapped by the captain of a Sardinian vessel, on the coast of Africa, and brought to London, where he was placed in charge of one Nicolai Madgie, a Genoese, who keeps a ship-chandler's shop in the Minories. The poor African was under the impression that the constable whom he stabbed was going to take him back into slavery. On that occasion he received a very severe injury on the head, and his reason seems to have been affected thereby, as that one idea soon took possession of his mind. After his acquittal, on the 6th of July, Colonel Hughes, of the Strangers' Home for Asiatics, took him to that asylum, but on the 8th, in the night, he was seized with a sudden fit of frenzy, and made a murderous attack upon his companions whilst they were asleep. He was fortunately overpowered by the attendants, and the police conveyed him to the Clerkenwell House of Detention. He seemed at first quiet, but expressed a fear that he was to be soon executed. Under this impression he strangled himself in the night. We shall return to this subject in our next.

Another African, a youth named Stephen Beckley, a native of Sierra Leone, who was kidnapped three years ago by the French, and taken to Cayenne, in French Guiana, to work, whence he has made his escape, has given a recital of his adventures to a crowded meeting held in Spafield's Chapel, Exmouth street, Clerkenwell, George Thompson, Esq., presiding. Much sympathy has been manifested in his behalf, and the Rev. T. E. Thoresby, the pastor of the chapel, is taking most lively interest in his case. He is to be sent back to Sierra Leone, to proceed with his studies to qualify himself as a schoolmaster.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

WANTED.—To complete files, to be deposited in an important public institution, where they will be permanently open to the public, the first two Reports of the American Anti-Slavery Society (1834, 1835) and the First Report of the New England Anti-Slavery Society (1833) are wanted. Friends of the cause, search your piles of old pamphlets, and if you can find either or all of these Reports, and do not care to retain them, please send them at once to the Editor of THE STANDARD, who will thank you in the name of the cause.

PLATFORMS AND PRINCIPLES.

THE note of preparation for the Presidential campaign of next year is already making itself heard in the camps of the hostile armies. The Democrats are selecting,

"From every band and squared regiment,
By place or choice the worthiest,"

to repair to the Pandemonium at Charleston next spring to hold high counsel together how they may best secure the supremacy of that Devil whose servants they are. There the question will be who is the fittest man to incarnate the pro-slavery idea, which is the breath of the nostrils of the party. It is of no particular consequence to the country who the man there selected may be, should he achieve the object of his ambition. Whether it be Douglas, or Wise, or Hunter, or Pierce, or some unknown quantity, that is to be raised to that great power, it will be all one. His election will guarantee to the slaveholders the granting of their every demand before it is asked. We have not named Mr. Buchanan among the possible candidates, simply because he is an impossible one. The very swiftness which he has shown in doing his masters' will has tripped up his heels and left him sprawling in the dust of the political arena. Even the bribe of Lower California, which he is getting ready to offer as an inducement to consider him, will not answer his purpose. The slaveholders will take the bribe, of course, but they will give the office to some one, equally bad, who has not yet dirtied himself so ridiculously in their service. Slavery has a clear field and all possible favor, should any imaginable, or unimaginable, candidate set up at Charleston succeed in reaching the threshold of the White House. And the chance of a united Democracy would be very good of success, with the slave States on its side in solid phalanx and the reasonable chance of bullying or bribery carrying along with it enough of the free States to answer its purpose, as it did last time. The only cloud of doubt and dread in the Democratic horizon is the uncertainty as to what Mr. Douglas will do, should he be refused the nomination, as he probably will be. Should he run on his own account, and carry with him Illinois and another State or two, it would complicate matters very much, and, perhaps, bring the umpireship into the House of Representatives.

It is this state of things that gives the Republicans what heart of grace they have. In the division of their enemies they may find victory, rather than in their own integral strength. And it is in this hope that they are laying their plans of nomination at their yet uncalled Convention. The planks of which their platform is to be built are being carefully looked out and planed and grooved and dovetailed so that no tender-footed partisan may stumble thereon and be offended thereby. The head carpenters and master mechanics are busy getting the stock out and into shape ready to be put together at the fullness of time. Their danger lies in their near approach, as they esteem it, to the haven of success at which they aim. There is something about the White House, unluckily, that acts as the loadstone mountain did that wrecked Sindbad, and draws out whatever of iron purpose there is about any political craft that gets within sight of it, and leaves it in a very tumble-to-pieces condition. The old Whig party, when it was beating about on the open sea, with no appreciable chance of making the promised land, was held and clamped together by anti-slavery bolts and rivets, so that it looked like an iron ship altogether. But as soon as it sighted that enchanted palace, away flew all the stout resolves and unbending purposes against slavery, and left the wreck an easy prey to the pirates that made haste to board it and make it the instrument of the very worst and dirtiest pro-slavery work that had been done up to that time. And so infatuated are those deluded wretches that even they have been contriving whether they could not lash together the scattered fragments of their vessel and make a raft on which they might have a chance of reaching the wished-for shore! The fatuity of these unfortunate gentlemen, who are still thought capable of managing large estates, is of so chronic and inveterate a type that there is no imaginable limit to their imaginations. Should Mr. Everett tell them that Mr. Webster, or even himself, would be the next President, they would believe him. No single camel of absurdity is too much for their power of deglutition, for they contracted the habit of swallowing them by the herd, years ago.

The Republican party is now nearing the same dangerous magnet, and its ship must be more strongly compaginated than we fear it is if it can stand its distracting powers. It is in much the same position that the Whig party was in when it sold its birthright for a mess of pottage, which choked it to death. Its position is better in one respect, however, in that it has no Southern wing, at present. Its Sectionalism is its life and its strength, if it did but know it. Its danger lies in the temptation to go down into the Southern Egypt for help, and to sacrifice its life in hope of getting the means of political living. The anti-slavery plank, if so slender a sliver could properly be so called, of its last platform was scarcely visible to the naked eye. If it is to be comminuted yet more this time, to make it fit for the feet of Mr. Blair, or Mr. Bates, or Mr. Botts, or Mr. Crittenden, it will need a diamond lens to enable the microscopic eye to see it. But the platform is not of so much consequence as the spirit which is in the men that stand upon it. A platform is of its nature a trap, a snare, a net, in which it is hoped to catch unwary souls, some taking it for one thing and some for another, and the honest thing would be to discard the treacherous expedients altogether. A man is the very best platform that can be set up, and Mr. Buchanan was not so absurd as he looked when he said that he was the Cincinnati one. The only absurdity lay in his saying so. The Democrats care nothing for their platforms. The man they set up they know they can rely upon, and hence their strength. The only thing a Democratic President has to do is to obey the orders of the slaveholders, and this simplifies the matter much, since, that being done, one man can dispense the knaves and fishes as well as another. The Opposition parties, having no such one great central principle of cohesion as slavery, think themselves bound to look up a candidate about whom nobody knows anything, and who stands for as nearly nothing as it is possible for a two-legged animal to do.

The great strength of the Republican party, in its last struggle, lay in its man, and not in its platform. People would persist in seeing in Colonel Fremont an anti-slavery leader. It is true they walked by faith, and not by the sight of anything he had ever done. But such was the undoubted fact. That he was a man of pluck and nerve, who would not flinch at any danger or resistance offered by the Slavocracy to the establishment of the party at Washington should it prevail at the polls, nobody doubted. And everybody took it for granted that he was the embodiment of anti-slavery in a political leader. His great vote grew out of the idea that he was the leader of the North against the South—the chief of the anti-slavery host in the battle it was about to join with the legions of slavery. They were, very possibly, mistaken in their man, and it may have been lucky for them and for him that he was defeated, or rather cheated, of his victory. But it was individual magnetism that drew those hosts after him. If our Republican friends doubt this psychological fact, let them set up Mr. Botts, or Mr. Crittenden, or Mr. Bates, and they will have all the satisfaction they can desire. It is doubtful whether they can have such luck a second time, or whether they will have the courage to propose a man as to whose opinions there can be no doubt. In all American advances in the right direction, the devil of compromise lies in wait to divert and hinder them. The mistake the Republicans are likely to make we conceive to be, that being certain of the anti slavery part of the opposition, their policy is to gain over the pro-slavery portion by concessions, or silences which are concessions. We apprehend they reckon very much without their hosts, in any such calculation. Let them set up Mr. Bates, who proposes a general union of all wings of the opposition to the Democracy, saying nothing about slavery, and the question would present itself to the best minds of their party—of what use would be such a victory, except for the spoils? Why is not a Democratic President just as good a one for our purposes, who want no spoils, as Mr. Bates, or his like? And the effect of the question would be perceptibly seen in the result.

Now, this is all mere speculation, perhaps; but it is a speculation in which we have a right to indulge ourselves. For is not the Republican party the work of our own hands? Does it not represent precisely a stage in our national history which we have been laboring to bring about, and which we have desired to see from the beginning, and which we have not died without the sight of? It is true, it is only a tentative state of things, and not that of fullness of feeling and action which we trust yet to see, and which it will be the fault of us Abolitionists if it do not arrive. The state of things at the last Presidential election was exactly what we have been prophesying as yet to come, as any one may see who will consult the Anti-Slavery Reports from ten to fifteen years ago, as the necessary consequence of our Movement. Only, it has come to pass much sooner than the most sanguine hearts had hoped. The North was fairly arrayed against the South—the first preliminary to victory. And, though the Republican leaders, in their earnestness for success may endeavor to extend their front by taking in an unabolitionized portion of the South, it will be at the hazard of the breaking of their line and the discomfiture of their troops. But it will be only for the time. The great lesson has been taught that the North can stand up against the South and the heavens not fall. Now, we cannot but observe these things, and be glad because of them. Not, therefore, to join in these efforts which come so far short of what the stand of the North should be. Our duty is still what it has ever been, one of watchfulness, of warning, of criticism, of rebuke, of encouragement. And we rather think that the attitude of the American Anti-Slavery Society towards the Republican party is exactly right, judging from the opposite impression it has produced on minds of opposite organization. The Republicans think we have been too unsparing of the rod; excellent friends of our own way of thinking, but sterner disciplinarians, complain that we have been too lavish of the sugar-plums. So that we incline to the opinion that we have tempered justice with mercy in about due proportions. It is not likely that the temptation to Disunion Abolitionists to desert their impregnable position for the shifting sands of political expediency next year will be so great as it was four years before. The time may come when it will be their business to take part in, perhaps to direct, political action—when the Dissolution of the Union is the actual issue before the people—but that time is not yet. And its coming will only be delayed by help wasted upon the compromising and temporizing tactics of a barren warfare.

DOUGLAS ON THE SLAVE TRADE.

WE published last week an extract of a Washington letter to *The Tribune*, in which were reported some remarks respecting the slave trade, said to have been made by Senator Douglas to a company of gentlemen in his own house. It is proper, therefore, that we should give the following extract from a more recent letter of the same writer:

"It appears I made an error in my communication of the 20th inst., in which I stated that the conversation then alluded to took place at the residence of Senator Douglas. This was not so; it was at some other place that the politicians were assembled. I also owe an apology to the gentleman who gave me the details of that conversation for making it public, as I have since been informed that it was strictly a private and confidential conversation, and was imparted to me with no idea that it would go any further; and it certainly should not, had secrecy been enjoined on me. But I presumed, when I penned the letter, that as Mr. Douglas was a public character, he had no views on great and leading national issues which he wished kept private, while he promulgated opposite views to the public. At all events, I deem this explanation proper, in order to exonerate my informant from the stigma of retailing what was regarded as a strictly private conversation."

Having no responsibility for the original publication of Mr. Douglas's remarks, we are under no obligation to pass judgment upon the act of the correspondent. That the Senator actually made the observations attributed to him, no one has ventured to deny. He was represented as saying "that there was not the shadow of a doubt but that the slave trade had been carried on quite extensively for a long time back, and that *there had been more slaves imported into the Southern States during the last year than had ever been imported before in any one year, even when the slave trade was legal. It was his confident belief that over* 15 000 *slaves had been brought in to this country during the past year.* He had seen, with his own eyes, 300 of those recently-imported, miserable beings, in a slave-pen in Vicksburg, Miss., and also large numbers at Memphis, Tenn."

This only confirms the opinion which Abolitionists have frequently expressed as to the extent to which the foreign slave trade is even now carried on. And yet, in the face of such evidence that slaves are being constantly landed in the ports of the South, there are religious papers at the North which, instead of seeking to arouse the people to resistance, are trying to lull them to sleep by the assurance that there is no ground whatever for any alarm—that the South is opposed to the hellish traffic, and therefore there is no danger that it will be revived!

THE British *Anti-Slavery Reporter* for August contains WENDELL PHILLIPS'S speech, delivered at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention in May last; but it makes the mistake of saying that it was delivered at the anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. In an introductory note, the editor promises to give the readers two of Mr. Phillips's speeches, naming as the second that delivered at the last anniversary of the New York City Anti-Slavery Society; but, for some unexplained reason, the promise, so far as it relates to this last speech, is not fulfilled. The *Reporter* says:

"We ask no excuse for submitting to our friends the two following addresses delivered by Wendell Phillips. They furnish a fair illustration of the powers of this wonderfully gifted man, who, but for his being an ultra-Abolitionist, might have attained to the highest position at the American bar and in the American Senate. Probably no man has made greater personal sacrifices of position to his anti-slavery convictions than Wendell Phillips."

H. W. BELLOWS VS. THEODORE PARKER.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE Abolitionists have been long and frequently censured for the use of "harsh language" in their treatment of slaveholders and their abettors, and rebuked for even bitterness and malignity in the matter. So great, too, has their sin been regarded that their otherwise mild and amiable critics have themselves felt justified in departing from their ordinary Christian and gentlemanly rule, and using great "sharpness of speech" in castigating the "violent fanatics." Of course *they* have not fallen into "bitterness and malignity," but only manifested a "holy indignation," a "righteous zeal for the Lord"! Their *denunciation* of the *denouncers* has been imperatively called for, not by the minor iniquity of slavery, but by the major one of being "righteous over much"! And of this common accusation of our enemies, I have been newly reminded by reading an article, in the *Christian Inquirer* of Aug. 13, from the pen of Dr. Bellows, against Theodore Parker. Mr. Parker is pilloried there for our old sin, and in the same *charitable* spirit in which many a "reverend" gentleman has undertaken our correction. Mr. Parker is "bitter," of course, but Dr. Bellows is sweet—as that is the antithesis of bitter.

The Doctor is out in justification of the refusal of the Alumni of the Harvard Divinity School to pass a vote of sympathy with Mr. Parker in his illness, and, in the very *catholic* spirit which he evidently thinks essential to a *reformer*, he cautions all Christian ministers against the "peril of overlooking Mr. Parker's unevangelical (?!) and infidel ideas, and his *unhallowed* temper and spirit"! That is overcoming evil with good, isn't it?—rebuking in the spirit of meekness," and returning gentleness for severity! Thou that teachest blandness of speech, art thou bland? But where *opinions*—not civil and ecclesiastical *despotism*—are concerned—"infidel" opinions—the Doctor seems determined to buckle on his armor and "fight the good fight of *faith*," in the same spirit that he charged Mr. Parker with manifesting. He says: "I think we suffer, Mr. Editor, somewhat from the too gentle and sensitive temperament of our newspapers. The charity that thinketh no evil (where no evil is) is a good and holy thing; but the charity that *blinketh* evil [evil *opinions?*], where it exists, is no better than any other kind of delusion and blindness. Let us state the truth even when the truth is a sword."

Now, this boldness all Abolitionists will admire; for this is the kind of warfare they believe in, and have been waging against *slavery* for many years. But the earnest Doctor had been condemning Mr. Parker for this very thing—attacking "evil where it exists"—for whoever will be at the trouble of selecting the severe passages from Mr. Parker's writings will find that *they* are all against "evil"—chiefly against the supporters of *slavery*. Dr. Bellows, however, seems to mean that the evil to be assailed so bravely is *Parkerism!* He thinks the Alumni were even too gentle—he requires gentleness only on the part of Mr. Parker—for he says Mr. Conway's resolution, "instead of being laid on the table or dodged, under the pretence of its being unprecedented, should have been voted down upon the unmistakable ground of Dr. Gannett's honest and admirable speech, namely, direct disapprobation of Mr. Parker's theological position and ministerial course." For "the amount of good which such a man does seems to me," he says, "to be *in spite of himself.*" No doubt He "who maketh the wrath of man to praise him will extract good from Mr. Parker's scornful career."

Now, does not Dr. Bellows prove his right to reprove Mr. Parker for his want of charity to pro-slavery men and bigots by his own great and admirable charity for the heresiarch? This severity towards Mr. Parker is Christian, and in behalf of the cause of truth—or of opinions about the truth—but Mr. Parker's comes from "an unhallowed spirit and temper" and is "infidel"! Has that old proverb, "Physician, heal thyself," no application here?

Dr. Bellows evidently goes for opening a warfare not only upon Mr. Parker and his views, but upon all who sympathize with him, or defend his right to candid and Christian treatment—especially, perhaps, upon the younger and more dependent ministers of the denomination. He says, "If Mr. Parker and Mr. Conway are to be considered representatives of liberal Christianity, and to be upheld and supported by *our ministerial colleagues anywhere*, it is high time, I think, that some new counter movement were inaugurated; * * and I think the *Inquirer* ought to take decisive ground. It will not do to be friends of everybody in matters of public concern." What does this mean?—that all are hereafter to be tabooed who dare say "Theodore Parker" out loud—in any other sense than ministers usually say "Tom Paine"—coupling the two together? Such has sometimes been the case about Boston, if the truth be told—young men of promise nipped in the bud by pro-slavery bigotry, and older men called bad names and hindered in their work. But there is probably young blood enough yet in the Unitarian denomination to maintain the cause of free inquiry in defiance of all threats and opposition; and if not in it, out of it certainly. Dr. Bellows recognizes this fact when he says, referring to Mr. Parker's popularity: "If anybody considers now where the peril lies—whether in accusing or excusing Mr. Parker—undoubtedly it is in saying distinctly that one has, despite his talents, philanthropy and learning, no sympathy with him, on the whole, but regards him as a denier of the Gospel and the truth." No doubt—and we admire the Doctor's courage in saying that thing.

But *what* is the "peril" of such an one? It is not the peril of losing caste and position among the wealthy and fashionable, and thus hazarding worldly prosperity and prospects; but of being considered narrow, sectarian, bigoted, by the advancing hosts of the middling classes—led by Emerson, Parker, Furness, Garrison, Phillips, Higginson, James Freeman Clark, O. B. Frothingham and others, of whom the age is not worthy. Henry Ward Beecher might be added, for he is certainly far ahead of Dr. Bellows, if the latter has really decided that he has no sympathy with an evidently sincere and honest man, whose whole life is in the cause of freedom and humanity, simply because he differs from him in what he regards important theological opinions. But he will ride on the *high places* of the earth, *in consequence* of the kind of courage he manifests in hazarding the "peril" he speaks of—and this is not, therefore, exactly the most *Christian* courage, nor is it costly to men of eminent social position. What a different courage is Wendell Phillips's. Still, Dr. Bellows is to be commended for saying the word that he thinks will peril his standing among even those from whom he can hope for no worldly honors or rewards, and with whom he is not identified; and the same spirit brought on to our anti-slavery platform, by which act he has never yet honored himself, would evince consistency and larger bravery.

I have said that Mr. Parker's severity of speech, which is so much complained of by Dr. Bellows, and many others, has been chiefly, or solely, against pro-slavery rulers in State and Church; and thus it is that his defence is legitimate to the columns of THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD. But I made a similar remark, a few weeks since, to an elderly Unitarian clergyman, whom I met in the cars, and he denied the truth of it, saying that there are no pro-slavery Unitarians. Edward Everett, I affirmed, is; but he, it was replied, is now an Episcopalian and goes to the Episcopal Church regularly. Well, there is Dr. Dewey, isn't he pro-slavery? But Dr. Dewey was "no Unitarian either—in any *representative* sense—always was peculiar and individual." No wonder he was ashamed of them for their "infidelity" to humanity. Yet it was hardly fair to dispose of them thus summarily. But even St. Paul, continued the clerical gentleman, sent back *Onesimus* to his master; and then, of course, I was not under the necessity of hunting up another example. I could say, in truth, "*Thou* art the man"—for when one thus quotes Paul, believing in him as authority, Abolitionists can read him through and through, and there is no place where he may hide himself. *Profession* then ceases to be of weight. And there are not a few such Unitarians, even in our own Massachusetts, and particularly in Boston—prominent ones, and very bigoted in theology; and if it is *not* to such that Mr. Parker has generally applied his scathing rebukes—simple pretenders to Christianity, though men whom Dr. Bellows freely fellowships—perhaps some one will hereafter show this in the columns of THE STANDARD. And if Mr. Parker has denounced faithful and good men for a mere difference of opinion, or for any trivial and transient faults, let him be justly rebuked.

Dr. Bellows says that "a thorough and sober, cautious, but bold, discriminating, but uncompromising, review of Mr. Parker's recent book, and, indeed, of his theological career, is now a great desideratum." Yes, but who will write it, till Mr. P. is in his grave? "Better late than never," perhaps, but why has it been delayed so long? It has long been "a desideratum." Mr. Parker has only reaffirmed, in his late Letter, what he had been saying, in different forms, for the last fifteen years; and why did not some one review him whilst he was in health and at his post, so that he as well as his readers might be enlightened and profited, or a reply be made by him? We have long had any amount of declamation against him, and denunciation—both from orthodox and heterodox quarters—but never a "review" worthy the name. When such an one shall be sent forth—though it be "uncompromising," as well as able and thorough—Mr. Parker's friends and colaborers in the cause of freedom and humanity will read it with care and candor; for though they have a high appreciation of his life and labors, they are not generally man-worshippers, but inquirers after truth. But can't we also have a little "UNCOMPROMISING" anti-slavery from Mr. Parker's reviewers, as well as an uncompromising dealing with "rationalism." If we only *could*, Mr. Editor, we could admire the *consistency*, at least, and even pardon a little dogmatism in opinion. But I do not remember yet to have met with an uncompromising opponent of Mr. Parker's general teachings that is also an uncompromising Abolitionist. Yet it is to be hoped the threatened "review" will come, even though it should be written by a Pharisee and not a Christian. We hope, too, that Mr. Parker will live to read it, and to record his deepest convictions, whatever they may then be, after reading it.

But why is it that Dr. Bellows has seized upon the time to make his attack—we will not *say* "bitter" attack—when Mr. Parker is in a foreign land in pursuit of lost health that he will probably never find? It don't look quite magnanimous; but it may be so—"sympathetic" it don't profess to be. It is for orthodox Henry Ward Beecher to express sympathy and to *pray* for his recovery and return! Even "Broad Church" (?) Unitarians—*few* of them, it is to be hoped—are getting to be too pious and too fearful of countenancing "heresy" to do that! Would that Mr. Beecher's prayers could be answered and Mr. Parker come back again to his envied position of influence and power in the city of the Pilgrims—convincing those who foolishly and wickedly pray that *their* God would "put a hook in his jaws," or "confound him," or kill him, that there is no such little, mean God in the universe! His presence there, too, might again shame—perhaps to their profit—some clergymen, who can only cry "infidel" in his absence, but, Priest and Levite like, pass by many perishing ones, to whom Mr. P. would be a "good Samaritan"—the William and Ellen Crafts and Anthony Burnses.

There are many who admire Mr. Parker for his great abilities and uncommon acquirements, as well as for his noble character and many good and brave words and works in the cause of freedom and progress, that do not agree with him, by any means, in all his theological opinions—nor ethical ones. Some of his best friends differ from him widely; but, then, they are modest enough to consider that Mr. Parker also differs from them just as widely. Perhaps it would not be derogatory to Dr. Bellows if he should look at the matter in the same light—or to various inferior and self-sufficient critics. For has Dr. Bellows preëminent intellectual ability, learning, goodness, sincerity, honesty, and facilities for seeking and finding the truth? To say the least, Mr. Parker is probably not a whit behind him in *any* of these respects. Why is not Mr. Parker, then, as likely to be in the right on points in dispute between them as Dr. Bellows? I *think* that Mr. Bellows is nearer the truth in some things than Mr. Parker; and in other things that Mr. Parker is much nearer it than Mr. B.—and that both are sometimes wrong on the same point. But that is a mere matter of opinion. And some of the leading questions at issue between these two men are simply speculative and doubtful questions—partly historical—which no man has yet knowledge enough, or authority, to decide one way or another, and which should, therefore, be regarded as open for candid discussion, without any conceited dogmatism. Neither "naturalism" nor "supernaturalism" should be made a test of fellowship.

Dr. Bellows uses the term "evangelical"—it sounds a little like *cant*—as though he were evangelical himself! and the term "infidel" as though he were *not* one—that is, in the estimation of the popular Churches. But *he* denies the infallible authority of the Bible, and speaks of the *Soul* as superior to it—and this is rank infidelity according to Dr. Nehemiah Adams and company.

Several other points I would like to notice, but must abruptly close my too long article.

AN ABOLITIONIST.

LETTER FROM J. A. HOWLAND.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IT is to be hoped that every member and friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society will join with you in hearty satisfaction and gratulation at the able and lucid exposition of the actualities of the philosophy and duties of the anti-slavery movement, given by Wendell Phillips, in THE STANDARD of July 30. Certainly some of the "small clique" of "two or three" that H. M. is troubled about have read Mr. Phillips's clear statement of views and duties with evident satisfaction and delight. And as you, who are supposed to be a representative of the other wing of our past "differences," appear also to be satisfied with it, who can take exception? And now that we are all brought together, who shall say that those paragraphs in the letter of H. M. that seemed so objectionable, having resulted in a consummation so devoutly desired and desirable, were not, after all, of the greatest value, and very opportunely written?

As, however, there seems to be a little error in the criticisms which Mr. Phillips and you make upon Mr. Pillsbury's resolutions, you will pardon a remark upon the subject. In speaking of the word "enemies," you both criticize it as though Mr. Pillsbury therein classed the parties indicated as *enemies of the slave*, or to the anti-slavery cause; which is so far from the fact that one might charitably suppose that neither of you had read the resolutions you criticize. They speak of certain parties "as the *enemies of that only radical and genuine gospel* through which deliverance can come to the enslaved." The American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxiliaries, though "having no plan," yet have an *idea*, a principle, that slaveholding is sin, which has for years been held to culminate in the doctrine of "Tetotalism," or "No union with slaveholders" in slaveholding, as the only "radical and genuine gospel of deliverance to the slave." Now, are not all those classed by Mr. Pillsbury's resolution the *enemies of this doctrine*, as the resolution asserts? For do they not intentionally oppose (and this is the significance of the word enemy) and denounce the doctrine and its advocates? And therefore, is not the word, *as used in the resolutions*, literally and strictly true?

But even supposing the word to be really untrue and objectionable, why did not those who were disturbed by it suggest the striking it out or the substitution of some more fitting word, instead of laying the entire resolution on the table, and so recording no testimony against those "obstacles" that so need our exposure and warning cry? You say the word was insisted on. Is not this a mistake? These people are not tenacious for words, but for principles. Mr. Phillips says that Mr. Pillsbury and others are not tenacious for this word, and in the discussion *no one insisted on or defended the use of it*, however properly they might have done so. To be sure, that word was made one ground of objection to the resolution, but not the only or main one. If, however, as you seem to indicate, this word or its intention is the real point of difference, why is it that resolutions that have embodied the same idea—that which Mr. Phillips so lucidly sets forth—without the word "enemy" or its equivalent, have repeatedly, and just as incontinently, been laid on the table as were these?

And if this doctrine of "No union with slaveholders," which, with its legitimate application as set forth in Pillsbury's resolution, has been the only "shibboleth" which "the persons alluded to" have insisted on, has "seemed to you to be a compound of misconceptions, exaggerations, and hyperbolical extravagances, that you could not frame to pronounce," the American Anti-Slavery Society has certainly been very unfortunate in having you in the position you have occupied. But now that your eyes have been opened and your tongue loosed by the anointing salve of Mr. Phillips's letter, we will thank God and go forward with

in Boston, to which he was regularly elected, over a white competitor, with a salary of eight hundred dollars a year. I may add that I was not a little surprised to find the Rev. J. Sella Martin, a colored man, preaching at the *Tremont Temple*, in Boston, to a large white congregation, by whom he is highly appreciated, and who pay him twenty-five dollars a week for his services. The regular pastor of this large and respectable congregation (Baptist), about to be absent for some months, invited Mr. Martin to supply his pulpit, and the selection was cordially concurred in by the church generally ; and yet the Union is not dissolved ! As remarkable as these facts may appear, they are still more remarkable when we consider that Mr. Martin is a fugitive, not yet four years out of slavery, and considerably under thirty years of age. Nevertheless, as a polished, eloquent, able and energetic extempore speaker, perhaps he is not excelled by a single colored man in the country, not excepting Frederick Douglass. This, I know, is saying a great deal, but, having heard him five or six times on different themes, I could not say less. Whatever may be said as to his having received no regular education, it is very obvious that he has, some how or other, acquired a large amount of knowledge. He is indeed a very extraordinary young orator. W. S.

Philadelphia, August 23, 1859.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.....No. XII.

AUGUST 15th, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR : The closing paragraph of my last letter was an unconscious reply, by anticipation, to such of Mr. Phillips's remarks on my seventh letter as I am concerned with ; and if it had not been so, I need scarcely have done more than refer Mr. Phillips to your commentary, appended to his letter, especially the 4th paragraph, which presents our view exactly. I am not aware that I need say more on the subject than, first, that I have never remarked on—have never thought of observing—the length or shortness of any speeches made at your meetings ; and, secondly, that I cannot accept excuses in my favor on the ground of mistake from distance, in regard to the particular points I adverted to. Published resolutions and speeches can be compared with the fundamental principle of your Association equally well at a distance of three miles and of three thousand. At any spot on the globe men can see the hopelessness of supporting the proposal of a test on a platform which excludes tests of opinion ; and your fellow-laborers in all countries who have joined in your enterprise on that ground must feel that, if an innovation on the principle is pressed and resisted, it is the innovators who are bound to withdraw. Your published reports inform us very clearly of the facts of the case ; and the principle is the same all the world over. We have always approved of your radical principles of liberty of opinion, and of union on the sole ground of actual and practical hostility to slavery. If we see an attempt made to convert your constitutional Society into a doctrinal one, and to excite distrust towards the faithful assertors of their own liberty, and choosers of their own course, we have our opinion of such a misfortune ; we refer you to your public proceedings as our warrant for that opinion ; and we claim the right to express it. By your published reports we have been one with you in past years ; and by their clear intelligence, unimpaired by hearsay, passion and prejudice, we are enabled to see your position now, and to honor the zeal and devotedness of all, while sympathizing with the wise, consistent assertors of your original and, I trust, indestructible liberties. While we have the press, we shall not accept the excuse of distance for our conclusions on matters of public concern, narrated to us by the reporter's pen.

The interest of the Italian question, while as vivid as ever in both England and France, is not altogether so engrossing, because the action is in suspense, and there is not much news. In England we find time and attention for some of our inexhaustible subjects of interest, just when London is going to be empty, and our legislators are dispersing, to talk politics in all parts of the kingdom, and in many parts of the world. We are not disappointed in our hope that African and West Indian interests would come to the surface again, with the first lull of the continental storm. The First of August meeting in London was successful as far as it went ; but it might have been much more interesting but for the ill-judged exclusion of Miss Remond from the speakers' platform. This was done by the intervention of that kind of abolitionism which can make very fine speeches on liberty and slavery, but cannot free itself from some bondage or other which stops it short, and makes it stop everybody it can reach. The objection to inviting Miss Remond to speak was that "it might raise the much-vexed question of Woman's Rights"—an excuse too low and too irrelevant to need any exposure here. On other occasions people of less pretensions than those objectors have encouraged Miss Remond to speak in London, and have heard her with the deepest interest. A letter now before me says her address at the Music Hall was winning from "its simplicity and perfect propriety" ; and the writer goes on : "Nothing is more touching than to hear her plead for her sisters in bondage." We trust she will do so with effect in our great city of Bristol, once as corrupt as Liverpool itself under the influence of the West India planters. Miss Remond is on a visit to Miss Carpenter ; and the friends of the cause are organizing a public meeting where she may deliver her message. The general impression as to the labor-question in the West Indies seems to be that it is approaching a clear solution. The Encumbered Estates Act is actually at work in several places, and producing effects as obviously good as the same procedure did in Ireland. In Ireland, the Encumbered Estates Act enabled embarrassed proprietors to sell a part of their lands, with an indisputable title, in order to disencumber the rest ; or to sever themselves from the soil altogether. The land was purchased by persons able to do justice to it ; it has risen in cultivation and in value from year to year, employing more laborers at improved wages, till now Ireland is at least as prosperous as any other part of the empire. The priests, whose poverty was formerly their main title to respect, are now so rich under the so-called voluntary system by which they live that their incomes and their savings far exceed those of the average clergy of the English Church ; and it is believed that if the English Church in Ireland were offered to them to-morrow, they would refuse the gift. The parsonages and their lands and privileges, the secured incomes of all the livings would be a poor exchange for the wealth the Romish priests now acquire by their own levies on the comfortable peasantry. The operation of the same provision in the West Indies is clear enough. Deserted estates are bought by capitalists, British or colonial ; capital is applied, and agricultural machinery and new methods disclosed by science, and the produce provides the means of further improvement. Less manual labor is required ; and that labor is better paid. In short, the old planter notions and ways are superseded by modern intelligence and fresh intercourse with the laboring class ; so that the increase in productiveness is undisputed on all hands ; and the only critical question which remains is whether the indigenous population of each colony is sufficient for its needs, or whether immigration is really so profitable as to admit only of regulation, and not of discouragement. It is to be hoped that the proposed inquiry will be urged on, through the Colonial Office. Our impression is a strengthening one that coolie immigration will be found unnecessary ; or that it will be so guarded by restrictions as to come to an end of itself, instead of increasing with the expansion of cultivation. Meantime, there is comfort in resting on the great truths that emancipation is now proved to be a prudent economical expedient, as well as a great social success ; that more sugar is produced, while more human beings are happy and content ; and that the land and its inhabitants are rising together from a state of almost hopeless depression into the full development for which nature provided, but which the folly and greed of man long intercepted.

We cannot separate the West Indies and Africa in our thoughts and our cares. Amidst a long series of bad news from Africa, we have now heard something pleasant. Painful accounts arrive occasionally of fresh shipments of negroes by French and other speculators ; of the arrival of cargoes of victims at Martinique or on your Southern coasts ; and of the check given to native industry in Africa, wherever the influence of the slave-trader extends. But we now hear also of something different—of the spread of industry in districts where it could not formerly establish a footing. There is a part of the coast, near one of our chief establishments, where some money was spent, a few years since, with liberality and perseverance, by one or two rich Manchester manufacturers, in introducing the growth and preparation of cotton. The cotton was of excellent quality ; but there was no inducing the people to work with the necessary steadiness and regularity. They would collect and sell palm-oil, and other products which gave them little trouble ; but they would not engage themselves further. Example seems to have wrought upon them ; for the next news we hear, after a long interval, is that they have sold us four tons of excellent cotton, highly approved in the market, and that two tons more are on the way.

Just before Parliament rose, an attempt was made to offer to the King of Portugal our national acknowledgements of the zeal and fidelity with which his government has discharged its obligations in regard to stopping the slave trade. The motion was baffled by a declaration on the part of the Ministers that such a vote might embarrass some negotiations now in progress with the Emperor of the French. What this means we know not ; but we intend to learn as soon as Parliament meets again, if we cannot before. We distrust the reality of the announced discontinuance of the disguised slave trade carried on by Marseilles speculators ; and if the change were genuine, we cannot see why we should not thank the King of Portugal for his loyal aid in the case. If you become acquainted with any facts which can be substantiated, of any foul doings on the coasts of Africa, we trust you to make them known to us.

You have doubtless observed what a success Mr. Milnes has obtained in the question of the cruelties on board merchant ships. Our efforts to awaken the attention of society to the grievance succeeded so far as to obtain a vote in the House of Commons in favor of an Address to the Queen, entreating that an arrangement might be proposed to your government for securing the prevention and punishment of the cruelties which are so notorious and so well established by evidence. What can our American brethren do to promote the object ?

There must be something more to tell about Italian affairs next time ; for the Zurich Conference is not expected to sit a fortnight. Meantime, we know little but that the estimation of the French Emperor in Italy does not improve ; that Sardinia receives fresh humiliations from him every day ; that the central Italian States appear resolute to resist the return of their banished princes—by a blameless and noble union now, and by force of arms, if necessary ; that the destinies of those States must be doubtful till it is ascertained whether the Red Republican party is disposed to work with the existing administrations for the establishment of a constitutional government, or will insist on the introduction of anarchy ; that all toleration of Austria in Italy is now out of the question ; that the wild excitement of southern Germany is turning into a truly Austrian subserviency to France ; that Prussia is as distrustful as everybody else of the French Emperor's professions in favor of more peace than his immediate necessities require ; that a succession of insults to neighboring Powers (Belgium and England the latest) are an imperial device which we cannot at present explain ; that the condition of the French army is so formidable, and its tempers so insubordinate, that its presence in the vicinity of Paris is no great festival for the Emperor and the citizens ; that he is eager to disperse his troops ; and that we have thus some time before us for improving our defences—which are, with the Bonapartes for opposite neighbors, the best guarantee of peace. I believe I might safely add that the Emperor of the French is in a mood of strong irritation and humiliation at finding that he can get nobody to believe anything he says, or trust anything he does ; and that the expectation of a European war is as strong as at any time within my memory, which extends back to the death of Nelson in 1806. It is now known everywhere that the sympathies of the English are with the Italians ; and that we are free to act on behalf of Italian self-government, and of that balance of power in which liberty resides, if a Congress should be found necessary, after all. But we have little expectation of a peaceful establishment of liberty, with the French despot for its champion.

Yours, H. M.

PERSONAL.

Frederick Douglass, *The Tribune* says, is going to England about the first of November.

Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is about to resume concert singing, and to take a tour in Ireland, accompanied by Herr Joachim.

The Utica Herald says that "it is currently reported that the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles and lady have declined the invitation of the Hon. Gerrit Smith to visit Peterboro."

Henry Ward Beecher has consented to give one of the lectures of the Fraternity Course in Boston next winter. These lectures, it will be remembered, are under the direction of members of Theodore Parker's congregation.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage, of St. Louis, whose recent letters from the West Indies were so acceptable to our readers, is now in Chester Co., Pa. She delivered her lecture on Cuba at Longwood on Sunday last, and will attend, to-morrow, the Quarterly Meeting of Progressive Friends at the same place.

Ex-President Pierce and his wife arrived at Boston, from Europe, on Saturday last. His political admirers having serenaded him at the Tremont House, he made them a speech, full of the patriotic sentiments to which men of his class usually give utterance on such occasions, and praising the late Mr. Choate.

Mrs. Webb, the colored lady whose readings of passages from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are pleasantly remembered by many of our readers, and who went to England, a few years since, by the advice of Mrs. Stowe, who felt a deep interest in her, died at Jamaica, W. I., of consumption, on the 17th of June last. We find the announcement in the London *Anti-Slavery Reporter* for August.

The Rev. Albert Barnes, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, preached in the meeting-house at Longwood, Pa., on Sunday, August 21st., the Progressive Friends giving up their regular meeting for his accommodation. How long will it be before Mr. Barnes will reciprocate this courtesy by inviting a Progressive Friend to his pulpit? "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

Horace Greeley's arrival in California made no small stir among the people, who, without distinction of party, united in paying him public honors. At Sacramento, he was made the guest of the city. The addresses made to him, and his replies, have less nonsense in them than is usual in such cases. The Pacific Railroad is Mr. Greeley's principal topic. His zealous advocacy of that enterprise awakens much enthusiasm.

Mrs. Sarah Tyndale, a woman whose name must be quite familiar to many of our readers, died at Germantown, near Philadelphia, on the 18th ult., aged 66 years. She conducted with eminent success, for many years, an extensive mercantile business in Market street, Philadelphia, accumulating thereby the means of pecuniary independence for herself and her children. Of late years she has been much interested in plans for the reorganization of society, with a view to the better protection of the interests of the laborer against the exorbitant demands of capital.

The (Ohio) *Anti-Slavery Bugle* pays a well-deserved tribute to the late Mrs. Cordelia L. Smalley. After mentioning her death, it says :

"The intelligence will bring sadness to the hearts of many of our readers, for it is the Abolitionists of the West who can most truly appreciate the qualities of our deceased friend.

"A convert to radical abolitionism many years since, and under circumstances which required no small amount of Christian faith and Christian courage to enable her to be true to her convictions of right, she unhesitatingly identified herself with the unpopular few, and, from the time of her conversion to the hour of her death, was justly numbered among the earnest and faithful advocates of the slave's cause. At every recurring anniversary of our Society, we anticipated her presence and her counsel. Hopeful herself, she infused hope into others ; faithful to the right, her example encouraged the faltering and the weak.

"But it was not alone to anti-slavery, not alone to woman's elevation that her efforts were given. Her sympathies were enlisted in every good word and work, she was interested in everything which promised to improve the condition of humanity, and to her may be accorded the highest of praise : 'She hath done what she could.'

"By her indomitable will, by her perseverance under difficulties, by her fixed determination to succeed in her life's great aim, she has set an example of womanly heroism, and given, in her personal experience, her discouragements and her triumphs, a practical illustration of woman's power, more valuable by far than the finest theories.

"Deeply do we sorrow for the absence of our departed friend, and that sorrow is intensified by the thought that she left this stage of action in the prime of life, and when the path of usefulness was open wide before her. But we have a full and abiding faith that, being dead, she yet speaketh—speaketh in the remembrance of her many virtues—speaketh by her good deeds, which shine with brightness amid the surrounding gloom."

TESTIMONY OF THE COVENANTERS.

THE Reformed Presbytery of Chicago, in connection with the Reformed Presbyterian or Covenanting Church, lately issued the following testimony against the revival of the slave trade :

Repeated announcements, advertisements and reports of public meetings have rendered it credible that the African slave trade with the United States has been recently reopened. By this trade many unoffending persons in Africa have been assailed in their homes by slave-hunters, their houses burned over their heads, great numbers have been barbarously murdered, and others taken captive and sold to pirates, by whom they have been conducted into the holds of their ships without regard to decency, cleanliness or ventilation ; by which treatment many others have been murdered. When these pirates have landed on our shores with their booty, some of our fellow-citizens, instead of apprehending them and bringing them to public execution according to law, have purchased their captives or slaves, and put them to hard and unrequited servitude. Others have interfered effectually to prevent the pirates from being brought to justice. And many persons of standing and influence have publicly expressed their disapproval of any laws to prevent such piracy and murder. By these acts they have become accomplices in these crimes and are likely to bring many others to become partakers in them.

Persons calling themselves Christian and some professing to be ministers of the gospel of peace and love have greatly disgraced religion by palliating these abominations, as means for promoting the spread of the gospel, and bringing the heathen to a knowledge of Christianity, and, therefore, not only lawful but dutiful —thus affirming that vile slander on the gospel, that the end justifies the means, so indignantly denied in Scripture—Romans iii. 5-8 ; and saying, "Let us do evil that good may come," "whose damnation," saith the Holy Ghost, "is just."

Under these circumstances it becomes the duty of every honest man, and especially of every Christian, to give his voice and influence in support of the laws of the land which righteously condemn these pirates to death, and to rebuke the speeches of their accomplices, whether lay or clerical. Now, when righteousness is publicly trodden down, silence on the part of beholders becomes complicity. It is especially incumbent on the ministers of Christ, whose law is thus publicly outraged, and whose gospel is thus vilely prostituted, to utter their testimony against such iniquity.

The Presbytery would therefore exhort and implore all who may read this testimony that, by word and deed, they labor to prevent this addition to the cup of our national guilt, which will expose us to the scorn of the civilized world, and fill all good men with grief, which will hinder the civilization of the finest portion of our land, and people them with a savage race, trained to war, ready to reenact the bloody insurrection of St. Domingo, and to swell the ranks of any invading army which they can invite to our shores, and which will undoubtedly bring down upon the nation the judgments of Him who has pledged himself to redeem the poor from deceit and violence and to break in pieces the oppressor.

WHAT WILL THE ABOLITIONISTS SAY ?—Among the many instances of fidelity of the slave to his master now on record, we know of none that shows more plainly the negro's devotion to his protector than the following :

When the ill-fated steamer Barnett exploded on the St. John's river, in Florida, Captain Shaw, the commander and part owner of the boat, was thrown high in the air, falling on deck and from thence overboard into the river. His negro boy, Isam, ran upon deck, seriously scalded, and with the blood streaming down his neck from severe cuts upon the head, to seek aid from his master ; but, on seeing that master floundering in the river twenty yards astern, forgetting, in his devotion, his own wounds, he sprang into the water, and, with his own life blood ebbing from his veins, succeeded in saving his owner from a watery grave. Captain Shaw has since died ; but Isam still lives a maimed and scarred monument to his generosity. May he meet his master in a better world.

Gordon, Geo., August 22, 1859. J. M. F.

—*New York Herald.*

"The Abolitionists will say" that the noble character of "Isam," so far from furnishing an argument for slavery, proves that he richly deserves the freedom of which his master so basely deprived him. Is there any need of saying more ?

THE WILBERFORCE CENTENARY AT EASTON.—Aaron M. Powell writes us from Ghent, August 30th, as follows :

"I have just reached home this (Tuesday) morning from Washington County, and have only time now to say that I will send a letter for next week's STANDARD, giving an account of the Wilberforce Centennial Celebration at Easton. We had a grand meeting—the greatest anti-slavery gathering I have ever witnessed in this State, out of New York city. The people came up to the meeting in carriages a distance of twenty and thirty miles, and filled the Friends' meeting-house to overflowing, leaving a still larger number to meet in the grove, while hundreds went away unable to get within doors, or to hear outside. It was a most cheering manifestation of interest in the sacred cause of human freedom, of which WILLIAM WILBERFORCE was so justly distinguished, so noble an apostle."

NEBRASKA.—The people of this Territory are, so it is said, taking steps toward the formation of a State government, with a view to an immediate admission to the Union. The slaveholders, seeing that Kansas is pretty sure to be Republican, want to offset its votes in the election of 1856 by those of a new Democratic State.

TWENTY-FOURTH
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR,
AND
NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THE Committee of Management of this well-known Fair, in making their annual announcement, have, this year, to advertise a new arrangement which they have made for the promotion of that great cause in aid of which their Bazaar has been annually held for nearly a quarter of a century. It is that our next Bazaar is to be National in its character, and not, as heretofore, a Pennsylvania institution alone.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, which has been held, in the City of Boston, during many years, and has been so widely and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic, having given place to another method of obtaining funds for our cause, it has been judged a wise measure that the Pennsylvania Fair should be now made National in its character. As our whole enterprise, in all its departments, is truly one, and best known, both at home and abroad, by the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its affiliations, it is sufficient to announce that one-half of the profits of our Fair will be put into the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the other half, under the direction of its auxiliaries, will be used for the promotion of our cause, in Pennsylvania.

It can scarcely be necessary even to advert to the character of the means by which our enterprise is conducted, so well are they known, both at home and abroad. It is sufficient to say that in the weapons with which we commenced this conflict, and which have, in all ages, proved "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" of evil, we confidently trust for complete victory. Still less is it needful that, in such an announcement as this, we should enter on an exposition of our well-known principles. We call upon all who love and value those principles to aid us in their dissemination.

To the friends of our cause in Europe, whose generous gifts have for many years been made to the Boston Bazaar, we say, let your contributions of money be devoted to our cause, through the medium of the Boston Anti-Slavery Festival, which has taken the place of that Bazaar; and permit us, if you please, to be the recipients of your other gifts which have been annually sent in various forms of articles of merchandise, to our coadjutors in Massachusetts. These products of your industry and taste and skill, these contributions from the shops and warehouses of your artisans and manufacturers, we can transmute to money, which money we shall receive as a sacred trust from you, to be appropriated, with our utmost fidelity and wisdom, to the abolition of American slavery.

To our friends and coadjutors at home, whose willing hearts and active hands have ever been quick to aid us in this department of our labor, we need to make but one suggestion. We merely remind them that as our Fair is, this year, to have a broader basis, and to extend its operations, it will require of us all somewhat larger gifts than heretofore, of labor, time, or money, according to our ability.

Our Bazaar will be opened in CONCERT HALL, in the City of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 12th, and will continue until Saturday, the 17th day of December, 1859. Contributions of money or of articles of merchandise will be gratefully received, and may be sent, at any time, to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, or to any member of the Committee. We trust that our friends, in the city and country, will be prompt in assuring us of their hearty and active co-operation.

The present aspects of our cause are full of encouragement; abounding proofs that our past labors have not been in vain bid us be of good cheer, while the magnitude of the work before us urges us onward to new toils and greater victories.

SARAH PUGH,	EMILY W. TAYLOR,
ANNA M. CHILD,	EVELINA SUPPLEE,
MARIA M. DAVIS,	EMMA PARKER,
REBECCA S. HART,	MARTHA KIMBER,
MARY GREW,	CLEMENTINE G. JOHN,
SARAH PIERCE,	SARAH KENDERDINE,
HULDAH JUSTICE,	ANNA M. HOPPER,
ABBY KIMBER,	ELIZABETH GAY,
RACHEL WILSON,	LYDIA GILLINGHAM,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	JANETTE JACKSON,
SARAH G. HALLOWELL,	MARGARETTA FORTEN,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,	MARGARET A. GRISCOM,
ANNIE SHOEMAKER,	GULIELMA M. JONES,
ELLEN M. CHILD,	SARAH K. GILLINGHAM,
SARAH A. MCKIM,	AGNES CRAIN,
REBECCA PLUMLY,	HARRIET D. PURVIS,
LYDIA WHITE,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,	SUSAN W. SHAW,
ROSANNA THOMPSON,	ELIZABETH CLENDENNON,
HANNAH L. STICKNEY,	MARIA CONKLIN,
MARY SHAW,	SARAH S. CHILD.

Summary.

The rhymer who wrote the line, "*Dear* to me is the surf-tossed beach," probably had in his mind a recollection of his bill at some sea-side hotel.—*Boston Gazette.*

PRICE OF SLAVES IN MISSOURI.—At a sale of slaves that took place last Monday, says the St. Louis *Republican* of the 20th inst., at Bowling Green, in this State, the following prices were obtained: Negro man, 50 years old, $845; do., 55, $726; negro woman, 60, $195; do., 40, $801; negro girl, 13, $1,187; do., 10, $900; do , 6, $535.

SOME SQUIRMING.—Marshal Rawlings will publish, in a short time, a complete list of those who rent buildings to the keepers of bawdy house, and houses of assignation. What a list that will be ! We shall see the names of "some of our most respectable citizens" on the list. We know of several regular church communicants who will have an opportunity of seeing their names in print.—*St. Louis Evening Bulletin.*

THE WEBSTER STATUE.—The Inauguration of the Webster Statue will take place on the afternoon of the 17th September. The Rev. Dr. Lothrop (now on his way home) will offer the prayer, Prof. Felton will deliver the statue into the hands of Mayor Lincoln, representing the city, who will immediately place it in the custody of the State, Gov. Banks receiving it. Brief addresses will be delivered, and Mr. Everett will then pronounce his oration on Webster.—*Boston Courier, August 29.*

NEGROES IN THE BRITISH ARMY.—The *N. Y. Herald* learns that orders have been issued by the British War Department for the transportation of three thousand Jamaica negroes to England. "Once arrived, they are to be drilled in the use of the latest and most destructive patterns of small arms, and trained to serve the new rifled cannon. When this first squad has been incorporated with the army, it will doubtless be followed by others, until the English will have a black division which will cope, in barbarity and ferocity at least, with the Turcos."

WORK AND PLAY.—One of the most delightful things connected with the late anniversaries at Amherst College was the game of ball indulged in by the students, one pleasant afternoon, upon the village green. A band of music was in attendance, a crowd of interested citizens were looking on, and the whole affair was enjoyed by all, with the keenest zest. It was a forcible illustration of the benefits of the union of bodily exercise with mental play, or sport.—*Springfield Republican, August 24.*

LOUISIANA LIGHTNING.—Dr. Springfield, of Bossier, had two likely negro men killed by lightning a few days ago. They were in the field and took shelter under a tree—one that had before been struck by lightning. They should have had more sense, or better luck, and died when young. The electric fluid of the clouds seems to be no respecter of persons. It would as soon kill a negro worth fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars as a "poor white man" not worth the powder and lead that it would take to "blow his brains out."—*Homer (La.) Illiad, August 6.*

FUGITIVE SLAVES IN MEXICO.—We learn from the Monterey *Boletin* that Gov. Vidaurri has removed the colony of negroes "said to be fugitive slaves, escaped from our neighbor, the State of Texas," farther into the interior, to the town of Viezca. It seems the old colony was neighboring to a colony of Seminoles, and that the red and black quarrelled. So, and to avoid the invasion of the "adventurers," the Governor has changed the residence of the former, under condition that they give aid against the Apaches.—*N. O. Pic.*

A TOTAL ABSTINENCE HEDGE-HOG.—The *Washington Constitution* says that Mr. J. Harper keeps a Temperance Hotel in Orton, Va., and that "he and his family" had retired to rest a few nights ago, but were soon alarmed by a rustling among the bed-clothes. By and by something bit Mrs. Harper's elbow; she screamed, and the husband struck a light. The illumination disclosed a large hedge-hog which was prowling about the bed, but which at once retired in bristling disgust. How the animal came there was a mystery, as he was not one of the regular boarders.

A BRIDGE CRACKING.—On the Cincinnati and Dayton Railroad, the other day, a lady and gentleman were seated together, and facing them on the opposite seat sat two gentlemen, editors of two German papers. When near Dayton, the train passed through a long, dark bridge. Amid the thundering and rattling of the cars, a very suspicious concussion was heard by those nearest the lady and gentleman alluded to. As they emerged into the daylight, one of the German editors slowly drew his spectacles down over his nose, and exclaimed, "Vell. I tink dat ish a tam bad bridge. *I hear him crack one, two, three, four times !*"

SPIRITUALISM.—Dr. Gardner has just returned from Europe. He says that the Emperor Napoleon is entirely governed by spiritual direction, that he escaped assassination by means of spiritual manifestations, and doesn't allow that destiny has anything to do with the greatness of the third Napoleon. Spiritualism, he also stated, is becoming generally popular among the higher classes in Europe. He states that a woman medium recently related the whole mystic ceremonies of masonry from the lowest to the highest degree, including all the lectures and other details.

A SLAVEHOLDER LYNCHED.—*Louisville, Wednesday, Aug.* 24, 1859.—On Thursday night Jesse Williams, an old and wealthy citizen of Caldwell County, under guard at Princeton, charged with murder and stealing, and cruelty to his slaves, was taken from the jail, carried seven miles and hung. His two sons, John and James, guilty of numerous crimes, escaped death by absconding. About the same time, Dr. Singleton and Messrs. Mansfield, Morse and Strawmat, supposed to have been connected with Williams and his villanies, were severely punished and ordered to leave the county.

THE GREATEST MAN AT NIAGARA FALLS.—On Sunday, we are told, a curious indication of the state of feeling at Niagara Falls was manifested in the proceedings of a Sabbath School there. A gentleman from Cattaraugus County was addressing the children, and inculcating the duties of reverence for God and obedience to the Supreme will. In the course of his remarks he desired to draw a contrast between God and the children's highest ideal of greatness on earth, and for that purpose he asked of the little ones before him who was the greatest man at Niagara Falls—the man most entitled to their respect? when, to his astonishment and chagrin, a dozen youthful voices responded, enthusiastically and in entire concord, "Blondin !" "Blondin !" "Blondin !"—*Rochester Democrat, August 22.*

HAYTI.—By the arrival at this port of the brig George Albert, from Port-au-Prince, we are placed in possession of our Hayti files to Aug. 6.

It appears that the statement in *Le Republique*, asserting that President Geffrard had been offered and declined the Dictatorship of Hayti, was merely a bold newspaper *canard*. At one of the sessions of the Chambers a formal denial of the statement was made, and copies were sent to the different newspapers of Hayti. The *Republique* acknowledged that the article was only sent to them as a communication, but refuses to publish the official denial of the Chambers.

TWENTY-ONE SLAVES MANUMITTED.—The canal packet "John B. Bortie," lying in the river above Broad street bridge, has on board twenty-one slaves, men and women, manumitted by the will of their late owner, Pleasant Burnet, of Mecklenburg County, Virginia. They are likely-looking men and women, and, with one exception, look forward with delight to the freedom and self-management in store for them. They are under the charge of Robert M. Hutchinson and Charles S. Hutchinson, who have selected lands in Hardin County, near Kenton, for their location, and for which they will take the train on the C. P. & Ind. R. R. this morning.

The testator, Mr. Burnet, did not free all his slaves; only selecting those who had been faithful, and were deemed competent to care for themselves. Good lands have been selected for the negroes to settle upon, in accordance with the provisions of the will, and they will be furnished with all the necessary tools and implements to commence operations. God grant them success in their free homes.—*Ohio State Journal, August 22.*

ANOTHER STEP OF SLAVERY.—The following notice to all whom it may concern appears in the editorial columns of the New Orleans *Picayune* of Sunday, Aug. 21:

"The law enacted last winter by the Legislature of Louisiana, placing all free negroes under the most rigid surveillance, who may arrive in this State on shipboard or steamboats, goes into effect the 1st of September next.

"All free persons of color, arriving in port from abroad, *must immediately be lodged in jail, and remain there until the departure of the boat or vessel on which they came;* masters of steamboats and ships must report to the Chief of Police all such persons belonging to their crews, or passengers, or incur severe penalties.

"It will be well for all masters of vessels and steamboats trading with this State to bear in mind the provisions of this law, as it will save them from much trouble, and perhaps pecuniary loss. The evils attending the increase of a free negro population, and more particularly the intercourse of free persons of color from abroad with our slaves, caused the passage of this stringent law."

SLAVERY AT PIKE'S PEAK.—The St. Joseph (Mo.) *Journal*, in publishing an account of a Pike's Peaker's experience, says :

"The elder Jones, who is an old California miner, took out a complete outfit, consisting of some six wagons drawn by oxen, with loose riding horses, and was accompanied by his son, H. C., several young men of his neighborhood, and three stout, active negro men of his own. After prospecting to his full satisfaction for three weeks, throughout the various mines, with poor success, he gave it up as a hopeless undertaking, sold out his supplies, and at once returned to the States."

We are not informed whether the elder Jones sold out his "three stout, active negro men" among his other supplies, but the fact that he was permitted to travel safely through Kansas or Nebraska, or both, with his supply of biped cattle, shows very clearly that the Dred Scott decision is something more than a party catch-word.—*National Era.*

A NEGRO ARRESTS A WHITE MAN AS A FUGITIVE SLAVE.—We take the following from The *Edwardsville* (Ill.) *Journal* :

"About 10 o'clock on Thursday morning a gentleman by the name of Isaac Dickson (a carpenter), who had advanced about eight miles from this place, along the Springfield road, on his way to Carlieville, was startled by the presentation at his head of a pistol, by one Wm. Brown, a negro, living in this neighborhood. The surprised pedestrian was ordered, by his dusky assailant (who was aided by one Samuel Cobine, a white man), to submit to having his hands tied, and be marched back to this place, his doughty captors not vouchsafing any reason therefor. On arriving in town, the luckless traveller was informed that he was arested as a runaway slave, for whom a reward of $200 had been offered. Fortunately, the prisoner met with residents here to whom he was not altogether a stranger, and on whose evidence he was released—no doubt to the chagrin of his captors; the negro especially, who has aforetime fingered 'filthy lucre,' earned by the arrest of fugitives from the 'peculiar institution,' of his own color, and, for aught we (or he, perhaps) know to the contrary, of his own blood and kin."

A SUSPECTED SLAVER.—Suspected slavers are of late heard of in various of the seaports of this law and order loving country. From "down East" to "down South" they are scattered all along the coast, and so many and frequent are the excitements to which they give rise that such affairs are getting to be the commonest things in the world and stir up just no excitement at all. We have had one such here at New London, so that we have probably had our full share of the fun, and have no special reason to expect any more just at present. But it is not impossible, though, that another weasel may be caught asleep in our harbor. It is certainly far enough from being impossible to render it advisable for the revenue officers to exercise ordinary vigilance to prevent a repetition of the bold operation of slave-dealers under the very shadow of the Custom House, and in full view from the deck of a national vessel. We do not profess to know anything of the contemplated business of the vessel called the Trimmer, which lies inside the New Haven Railroad bridge and just off the rear of Number One's engine house. We do not know whether that vessel is prepared to engage in a business which by law and custom ranks with piracy. We do not especially know that the Trimmer is ready at a moment's notice to slip off to the coast of Africa and come back with a load of negroes. We presume that the government officers here know all about such things, and that if the Trimmer is not all right, they will make her right before they get through with her. It is certainly to be hoped and expected that the Trimmer, of New London, will not be permitted to repeat the outrageous defiance of law which was committed by the Wanderer.—*New London Chronicle, August 25.*

AGES OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.—President Buchanan will be 68 years old on the 13th of November next; Vice-President Breckinridge will be 39 years of age on the 16th of January next; Lewis Cass is nearly 77 years old; Stephen A. Douglas was 46 years of age on the 23d of April last; Simon Cameron is in his 60th year; Jefferson Davis is 54 years old. Caleb Cushing is in his 60th year; Howell Cobb will be 44 years old on the 7th of September next; William H. Seward is in his 58th year; Franklin Pierce is 54 years old; Robert Field Stockton is nearly 60 years of age; John Charles Fremont was 46 years old on the 7th of January last; John Bell is 62 years old; John J. Crittenden will be 73 years old in September next; Alexander H. Stephens was 47 years old in February last; James L. Orr was 37 years old on the 12th of May last; Jesse D. Bright is in his 47th year; Augustus C. Dodge is about 47 years old; Isaac Toucey is 61 years old; Henry A Wise is in his 53d year; Robert M. T. Hunter is nearly 50 years of age; Robert Toombs was 49 years old on the 2d of July last; Edward Everett was 64 years old in April last; John M. Read is over 60 years of age; Daniel S. Dickinson will be 59 years old on the 11th of September next; Horatio Seymour is about 50 years of age; John E. Wool is about 65 years of age; John Slidell is in his 66th year; James Shields is 49 years old; Nathaniel P. Banks was 43 years old last January.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—Mr. D. W. Bartlett whose ready pen has made books before, and enlivened many a paper with Washington correspondence, having the Presidential year and a ready market in view, has written a book, giving brief sketches of the lives of prominent candidates for the Presidency in 1860. And, reader, how many "prominent candidates" do you, in your innocence, suppose there are ? Twenty one, as you live ! Yet the author declares that if he had followed everybody's judgment and not his own, he should have filled a dozen volumes instead of one ! Seward opens the book, Fremont closes it, and Banks is in the middle. Truth lies between extremes—possibly success may. The sketches are brief, and some of them very imperfect and incompetent, but an outline of the public life of each man is presented, and the book is neither without value nor interest to the unpolitical reader.—*Springfield Republican.*

ANOTHER BATCH OF PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—The Boston *Atlas and Bee* is not altogether satisfied with the batch of Presidential candidates whose biographies have recently been published by Mr. D. W. Bartlett, and therefore proposes the following list, for the people to select their next President from : "N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts; Gov. Sam Houston, of Texas; William Pitt Fessenden, of Maine; H. S. Lane, of Indiana; Gen. Simon Cameron, of Pensylvania; Chas. Sumner, of Massachusetts; Senator Trumbull, of Illinois; Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts; John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky; Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana; Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois; Senator Slidell, of Louisiana; Anson Burlingame, of Massachusetts; Senator Broderick, of California; Pierre Soulé of Louisiana; Mr. Guthrie, of Kentucky; John M. Read, of Pennsylvania; B. F. Wade, of Ohio; John Van Buren, of New York; Gov. Bissell, of Illinois; Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky; Gen. Pierce, of New Hampshire; Horatio Seymour, of New York; Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine; Senator Cellamer, of Vermont ; H. Winter Davis, of Maryland; Frank P. Blair, of Missouri; Kenneth Rayner, of North Carolina; Emerson Etheridge of Tennessee ; Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio; Tom Corwin, of Ohio; Carl Schurz, of Wisconsin; Gov. Bingham, of Michigan; Major-Gen. Winfield Scott, Major-Gen. Wool, of New York; Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, and other gentlemen too numerous to mention !

SLAVE WHIPPED TO DEATH.—The following is an extract from a private letter from a friend in Natchez, which shows how they *sometimes* treat black men. It may be worth a place in your paper; it runs as follows: "I have a little incident to relate, one of the many in the history of slavery. A master, but a short distance from my room, a day or two since, took offence at some slight misdemeanor of one of his slaves, and to inflict summary vengeance, adopted the following mode: Nine cowhide lashes were bound together and these were laid upon the poor man's bare back, until it was completely lacerated, then pepper was sprinkled upon him, and the lash again applied. Lastly, two gallons of water were forced down him. This last act closed the scene, as he died soon after. I shudder to relate it, and hope I may never hear of the like again. It is, however, literally true, and I only speak of it that you may know that

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

AGNES.

BY JOHN A. DORGAN.

Her glorious voice, save when alone
The songs he praised in days agone
She sang, was mute—into eclipse
The smiles that hung upon her lips,
Like bees on flowers, as stars withdrew,
Were withered as a drop of dew;
And, day by day, she waned away,
And died, and told not of her love.

She of her beauty took no care;
Dishevelled hung her raven hair,
And of her eyes a murky flame
The silvery radiance became:
And, day by day, her cheek grew paler,
And, day by day, her form grew frailer,
And, day by day, she waned away,
And died, and told not of her love.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. V.

We must ask the reader to return with us, for a short time, to Rachel's cottage.

After Col. Vertner left, she remained a few moments, looking after him, straining her eyes and ears until the last sight had faded and the last sound had died away; then, turning into the solitary room, she set about some customary avocation.

After awhile, she went into the inner room, and, opening the drawer of an old worm-eaten bureau, took out a little box, carefully tied with tape, and, seating herself in the rocking chair, began to unwind the string, while tears gathered in her eyes. Her hand trembled as she removed the lid, and, taking out some broken toys and a little shoe, worn and soiled, began to kiss them and talk to them as though they were vital things. Thus has many another mother done before her. Human nature is ever the same, no matter how different may be the texture and color of the skin.

While the mother sat fondling and talking lovingly to these relics of an early lost darling, her heart becoming softer and softer, she thought she heard a moan just below her window. Hastily gathering up her treasures, and concealing them in the box, she stole noiselessly to the window and looked out; then asked, "Who's there?" Waiting for a moment or so, and receiving no reply, she concluded that she had been mistaken. It was a trifling circumstance, and she soon forgot it. Grief is selfish, and monopolizes too much to allow even a thought to stray off in search of other matters. Rachel had pondered too long and absorbingly upon the conversation of the morning to be disturbed by what she decided to be a mere trick of fancy.

"Ah," she thought, "harboring fugitive slaves seems to be a dreadful crime. Andrew thought hardly of it; he is a determined character; I must heed his will in this affair. If my cabin becomes a place of suspicion, I shall find but little rest; perhaps *he* may not be able to protect me from the fury of the mob. Well, I shall be particular in future; these poor runaways must find shelter somewhere else; I will never take another one in."

With this resolution, Rachel satisfied herself, or imagined that she did, and so, with a lightened heart, set about her every-day's work.

But, toward twilight, as she sat at the door, watching the dusky shadows as they crept over the still landscape, she heard again that piteous moan. "What can it be?" she asked; "is this place haunted?" She looked around, went to the corner of the cabin, and peered among the tall weeds and grass, but could not see any person or thing to frighten her. "Why, this is too curious," she murmured; "I never heard these sounds before, and yet I've lived here a long while." A superstitious fear began to come over her, her blood flushed and chilled alternately, her limbs trembled, and she would have been glad, in her fright and loneliness, to have welcomed any human face. That fearful dread of the nearness of the dead, that apprehension of a spiritual visitation, which freezes the blood and unstrings the nerves of the boldest, was too much for this delicate and sensitive woman. Her position was becoming painful in the extreme.

"I cannot stay at the cabin to-night," she thought; but she had no place to go to, and, re-entering the cabin, she lighted her little tin lamp, took her thimble from the work-basket, and began to sew, although she trembled violently. However, hearing no further repetitions of the mysterious sounds, she began gradually to resume her accustomed calmness.

As she sat rocking, singing and stitching, a wild, weird, black face looked in at the open window upon her, and a pair of shrivelled, claw-like hands were stretched out in supplication toward her. The face and attitude looked terrific in that uncertain glimmer of lamp light. There was no cry, no murmur or moan—only that dreadfully agonized face, and the supplicating motion of the hands.

As if by some subtle magnetic charm, Rachel turned her head toward the window, and, as she met the gaze of those bleared eyes, she screamed aloud and fell forward on the floor.

"My God!" she cried, "is it the devil come to torment me—come to take me off, body and soul, before my time?"

The strange figure did not move or change its supplicating position. At length, Rachel recovered by degrees, and, pressing her hand over her eyes, rose—never daring to turn even her body toward the fatal window. But we know that terror fascinates as irresistibly as beauty, and the eyes of the affrighted woman could not long remain covered or avoid a glance toward the window. Half reluctantly, half willingly, she moved her body slowly, gradually round, until she faced the terrible apparition; and looking at it now, with the conviction that she was to see something frightful, was enabled to control herself. As she gazed toward it, with distended nostril and flashing eye, never daring to trust her tongue with words, the thing made an attempt to speak.

"Bread—water—a crumb—a drop—please"—were the broken syllables that issued from those dry, withered lips.

"What is *it*?" inquired Rachel.

Still the thing, with one long finger upon the parted lips, seemed to beg for food or drink. In a little while, Rachel divined this, and, seizing a cup of water, she ventured to draw near the goblin. The wretch clutched at the cup, swallowed down the water, then moaned out—

"A bit of bread, for God's sake."

This, too, was furnished. By this time Rachel had divined the truth. A poor runaway negro woman, starved and famished, was asking for relief. She forgot the resolution of the morning, and said to the wretched beggar at her window,

"Come in, I will give you what I can; come at least and rest awhile."

The poor woman, half walking, half crawling, groped round to the doorway and entered the cabin, with the assistance of Rachel's hand. And how tenderly Rachel waited upon her! how she laved those flesh-wounds, bound camphor to the aching temples, and, by kind restoratives and soothing words, recalled the poor wandering vagrant to consciousness and human life.

"Tell me," said Rachel, "what brings you to my cabin? I know, of course, that you are running away from your master, but why did you come to me?"

"Oh," replied the poor wretch, who now began to revive under this kindly treatment, "I didn't mean to run off, but my old mistress, a widow woman, was gwine to move off to the Sousie country, an' I didn't want to be separated from my old man, an' ole miss wouldn't sell me nor hire me out where I could see him, but sed to me, 'come 'long au' git 'nother husband.' Now, I never ken do that—'cause I jist believe de Lord married me to my old man, an' I kan't consent to leave him, no how an' no way. I talk to ole miss 'bout it, but she would think this here way. Then I spoke to Peter, an' asked him if he wouldn't look round 'mong some of 'em rich gentlemen that he chops wood fur of winter nights, an' ax 'em if they wouldn't like to buy me; fur I thought if they'd offer a good big price, old miss would consent, fur she do love money. Well, Peter he went round an' tried, an' Lawyer Thompson wanted a house gal. I'm good hand at house-work, an' Pete told him so. He come out to see ole miss, an' offered her eight hundred dollars, cash down, fur me. Well, at fust 'peared like she was gwine to take him up, but she 'gin to think on it, an' she said she fotched me up an' 'sisted allers to keep me in the family, so's me and my chillen might 'long to her an' her'n allers. Now, when I heam this, and found I got to leave Peter, why I jist kinder all sink down an' go 'way to nothin' like. So, when Peter come, last Saturday night, I jist told him I couldn't stand it, no way an' no how, an' meant to run off. He sorter 'suaded me not to; but when my mind's once made up, it's hard to git me to change. So, on last Monday, I made up my bundle, an', at twelve o'clock at night, stole out of the house. I allers slept in the little room at the end of the long porch, close to ole miss's room. They wouldn't miss me till daylight, so I 'spect to git a good start; but I lost my way in the woods, an' went wandering 'bout, feelin' my way, hidin' 'bind bushes every time I heam a squirrel or bird move; an' when day come, I had to hide away, an' by night I was so tired, hungry an' dry, I couldn't walk much; all I'd had to eat was two or three green berries, that I pulled as I laid hid under brushwood. I daresn't hardly move, so I didn't git fur that night; I was so faint an' weak like that many times I wish I was back 'long wid ole mistress, an' so it was most all of time since I lef."

"Do you want to go to your old mistress? What's her name?"

"Why, laws, honey! Now Ise started, sick and weak as I be, I 'gins to feel like a free 'ooman, an' 'pears to me as I'd rather die jist here at yer feet, an'-in dis fix, than to go back and be slave to my old miss, widow Vitertor; tho' I kant say as how she is good enuff to me; I had, shure, enuff work to do, but I ginerally made out to git through with it. Thar was five in family; I had to wash an' cook, clean house, an' work in garden of summers; 'tend to cows, keep the poultry yard, an' make butter fur market. I only had little time of Sat'day nights to talk 'long my old man; but I didn't mind that much, fur the comfort of seeing my old man was joy enuff; but now I kant no ways go off outer him."

"But if you run off——"

The woman laughed a strange sort of laugh, and, shaking her head, replied:

"He has legs 'an can come arter me."

"Are you not getting sleepy?" asked Rachel.

"It 'pears so kurus to be under kiver agin; but if I gits laid down, an' my mind sorter easy like, may be I will sleep."

Rachel put her away on a pallet in the little room, and, taking down her Bible, read a chapter of the New Testament, and, kneeling down, begged of God to give her patience and charity to bear with and feel for her suffering fellow-creatures.

She thought, It is not much that I do for this poor wretch, to feed and shelter her for one night. I will do as I would be done by, and leave the result to God.

This would indeed be a Chrjstian age, if we all—great and little ones—judges, jurors, and private citizens—followed the course of this simple-hearted mulatto woman, who, living away from the world and proscribed by civilized and polite races, with a mind not overlaid by false reasoning and state policies, could listen to the voice of God as it whispered to her soul.

NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

"To fall on the battle field fighting for my dear country—that would not be hard."—*The Neighbors.*

O, no, no—let me lie
Not on a field of battle, when I die!
Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head:
Nor let the reeking knife,
That I have drawn against a brother's life,
Be in my hand when death
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadron's heels,
Or gory fellloes of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed,
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,
And the bald eagle brings
The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings,
To sparkle in my sight,
O, never let my spirit take her flight!

I know that beauty's eye
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,
And brazen helmets dance,
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance:
I know that bards have sung,
And people shouted till the welkin rung,
In honor of the brave
Who on the battle-field have found a grave:

I know that o'er their bones
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.
Some of those piles I've seen:
The one at Lexington upon the green
Where the first blood was shed,
And to my country's independence led;
And others, on our shore,
The "Battle Monument" at Baltimore,
And that on Bunker's Hill.
Ay, and abroad, a few more famous still;
Thy "tomb," Themistocles,
That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,
And which the waters kiss
That issue from the gulf of Salamis.
And thine, too, have I seen,
Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,
That, like a natural knoll,
Sheep climb and nibble over as they stroll,
Watched by some turbaned boy,
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
And hears, as life ebbs out,
The conquered flying, and the conquerer's shout.
But as his eye grows dim,
What is a column or a mound to him?
What, to the parting soul,
The mellow note of bugles? What the roll
Of drums? No, let me die
Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,
And the soft summer air,
As it goes by me, stirs my thin, white hair,
And from my forehead dries
The death-damp as it gathers, and the skies
Seem waiting to receive
My soul to their clear depths! Or let me leave
The world, when round my bed
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,
And the calm voice of prayer
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare,
To go and be at rest
With kindred spirits—spirits who have blessed
The human brotherhood
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

In my dying hour,
When riches, fame, and honor have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup
That all must drink at last,
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds
That I have scatter'd there, in virtuous deeds,
Have sprung up, and have given,
Already, fruits of which to taste in heaven!

And though no grassy mound
Or granite pile says 'tis heroic ground
Where my remains repose,
Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps!—that those
Whom I have striven to bless,
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless,
May stand around my grave,
With the poor prisoner, and the poorest slave,
And breathe an humble prayer,
That they may die like him whose bones are mouldering there.

THE OAKS OF FAIRHOLME.

I wonder whether it would be possible for me to write down the curious experiences of my youth. I am not old now, though more than thirty years have passed since I first saw the light shining on the upper windows of the house of which I am now the mistress. The sun as it sunk in the west always lit them up, before my father's great barn hid the view of the old Hall from us.

Most people thought Fairholme a dull place, but I remember liking it very much when I was a child. The squire was a tall, dignified man, not very popular with his tenantry. He came down only for a few months in the year; during the remainder, the house was shut up. It was said that, when younger, he had a pleasanter manner, and that it was the want of an heir to his property that soured his temper. As long as I can remember anything—almost before I understood the meaning of the words—I heard of quarrels and bitterness at the great house.

The squire's lady was older than her husband, and very plain in person. I think she must have been slightly deformed, for she was always so closely wrapped up that it was difficult to trace the outline of her figure. To the best of my belief, she never set her foot to the ground—at least, I never saw her walking. The carriage came round at a stated hour to a side-door of the old house, and her maids, it was said, lifted her into it. She never visited, or received company, and the state of her health was such that not a day passed without her seeing our village doctor. About once a week, a physician from London came down to her. Still, she grew neither better nor worse; and there were persons ill-natured enough to declare that her ailments were all fanciful. Every one was astonished when a report reached Fairholme from London, where the squire and his lady were spending the season, that she was expecting her confinement. It was true, nevertheless; and the family returned to the country earlier than usual that year, that she might be kept quiet. The heir, too, must be born at Fairholme. The place had descended from sire to son for centuries, and each succeeding landlord had first seen the light under that ancient roof. Bonfires were piled upon the hills when the time drew near. The church-bells were to be set ringing, and a feast was to be given in the park to all the tenantry, far and near.

I was just eight years old then, and we lived in the farmhouse by the church, at the upper end of the village. My parents were plain, hard-working people, and it was through the squire's favor that they were enabled to rent the land they held. He had lowered the terms, because he had a liking for my father, who had worked as a laborer on the farm which he now occupied. My mother had been dairymaid at the Hall in the old master's lifetime, and had saved a little money; but still they were poor people, and squared accounts with difficulty at the year's end, after all their labor.

We were expecting to hear the bells ring, and to see the great piles of wood on the hill-tops lighted, when word came down from the great house that there were to be no rejoicings, no bell-ringing, nor, in short, any notice whatever to be taken of the birth of the squire's first child. For, after all, it was only a daughter!

I could not understand that this made much difference in the matter, and I longed to see the baby; but my mother cried when she heard the news, and said: "Ah, poor lady, he will love her less than ever now!"

I do not know whether this was the case or not. There was not much time, it seemed, to decide it, for, an hour afterwards, the London physician's carriage rattled past—the second that had come through the village that day—and we heard that the baby's mother, our poor lady, was dying.

Ours was the nearest house, and perhaps for that reason we were always more interested than other folks in what was passing at the Hall. When the servants were at a loss for anything, they often applied to us rather than go further; and my mother always kept the best poultry, in case it should be wanted for the squire's table. Sometimes the mistress would fancy a loaf of our home-made bread, of my mother's baking, which was always sweet and good, better than the rolls and twists the housekeeper made to tempt her delicate, sickly appetite. It was not likely that my mother, who had a young family of her own, should not want to know how she was getting through her trial.

It was but a step to the great house, for the grove was just opposite our windows, and the servants had left the gate open in their hurry. In general, we never went through the plantation, but it was half a mile round by the road, and no one exactly knew that day what they were doing; so my mother caught me by the hand, and went across, under the deep shade of the evergreens, to know what was the matter.

I believe she was ashamed of her intrusion, when, at a turn in the winding walk, we came suddenly upon the master. He was walking up and down, with his brows knit together, and such an expression of disappointment in his face as I never saw dwelling on any human features before. My mother stood aside to let him pass, and curtsied deeply, holding me back from his path; but I question whether he ever noticed who it was, though he made a careless motion with his head. I can see him now, with the marks of sorrow and annoyance on his handsome haughty face, and his thoughts legibly printed on his furrowed brow. It was evident that he had set whatever hopes of happiness were left to him upon that cast, and he had lost his stake.

My mother did not venture to speak, even to apologize for intruding on his privacy; and, as I have said, he was too much occupied with his own troubled thoughts to pay much attention to anything that passed before him. We only saw him for an instant; but when we reached the great house, the servants were setting out to look for him, and were glad to be told where he was. The poor babe was ill, and my lady's death was expected to take place every moment.

The little child was smaller than anything I could have imagined. It lay in the handsome cradle provided for the young heir of Fairholme like a waxen doll or a dead baby, so still that at first I fancied it was not alive. There was only one woman in the room; the rest were with their mistress. It was indeed not considered to be a matter of importance at that moment whether the poor little girl lived or died.

I thought differently, and so, I am sure, did my mother. She took the pretty little creature out of its cradle, and held it gently, in a kind, motherly way, in her arms. It seemed happy there, and gradually, as she warmed and caressed it, some faint color stole into its face. Then she let me touch it, and I kissed my dear young lady for the first time. From that moment, I loved her.

The squire's wife did not die then, but she never was strong enough to leave her bed afterwards. My mother had been able, I heard, to think of some simple remedy which the doctors despised; but be that as it may, she derived more benefit from it than she had done from their prescriptions, and she never forgot the obligation. While it was being tried, my mother put the young baby in my arms, while the nurse was busy preparing its food. She knew that I might be trusted, for I had nursed both my little twin-brothers in turn when they were not older than this waxen darling. The child stopped the little feeble moan it had just begun to make, and, opening its blue eyes widely, looked up at me. Then the muscles of its tiny mouth, which had been drawn up fretfully, relaxed, and the infant smiled for the first time in its life in my face.

From that time, I went often to the great house. The child had taken a fancy to me, and was never quiet or happy except when it was in my arms. Its health was delicate, and my mother always said that, in consequence of the great disappointment occasioned by its proving to be a girl, the servants followed the example of their master, and neglected it. I do not know whether this were the case, and whether, as she said, the child had had a fall, or whether it inherited its mother's infirmity of constitution, but it was a long, long time before it could use its limbs. I used to draw it about in the tiny carriage, in which it lay at full length. The child was so small that its weight made scarcely any difference.

After a time, the little lady was able to sit up, and play with the flowers gathered for her. There was nothing in the world I would not have done for her amusement. I am afraid I did not love my own sturdy little brothers half as well; but, then, they had a tender parent to care for them, and, before the time when my darling first learned to put her delicate feet to the ground, she was motherless.

Whatever might have been the case previously, after he lost his first wife, the squire's heart opened to his little daughter. He would come and sit for hours in the garden while we were at play, and help to draw her about when I was tired. The costliest toys were provided for her, and, certainly, there was no lack of care now taken in bringing her up; but she was never strong or like other girls of her age. The least change in the weather affected her; and when she was five years old, the physicians said that she would never bear to spend another winter in England.

It was a sore struggle with my mother on the morning when the squire stopped his horse at our gate to ask her to give up her little daughter to him. Though he was a man of few words, he had a way with him which few could gainsay. He would, he said, provide handsomely for me, and I should have the position in his house of an elder daughter. Times were hard enough for the farmers just then; but I am sure his liberal offers had a very small share in winning my mother over.

I do not know what kind of feeling it was that made me even fancy that I could leave father and mother, and follow that dark, haughty, silent man, and his little sickly child, to the world's end. He scarcely ever spoke to me, but there was music in his few courteous words, and an imperious influence exercised by the mere turn of his head. I knew exactly what pleased him, and I taught Julia the secret of conciliating her fastidious parent, before I understood how I had learned it myself. Now, as I stood trembling beside my mother, the tears that sprang to my eyes were not from regret or timidity. The little girl at the great house seemed to belong to me; something like a mother's love filled my heart for the baby I had held in my arms so soon after its birth. I thought that she would die if I left her; and I believe that the squire, calmly as he proffered his petition, believed that his child's life depended upon its being granted.

My earnest wish carried the day, and I was allowed to accompany my darling. She was very ill at first; and if, in addition to sickness and debility, she had been obliged to contend with the deep feelings of regret which it would have cost her to part with her playmate, she would have broken down under the trial. My mother, in her own motherly way, had foreseen this. "Poor little heart," she said, "she will never bear to part with Lucy. Let the children bide together."

My father had taken a different view of the case, but it was one favorable to my wishes. Troubles were coming fast upon him, and he was glad to see my prospects so securely settled. It was a great surprise to him when the squire, after receiving his consent, graciously offered him the post of bailiff during his absence. It was a proof of confidence for which he was deeply grateful, and he felt that he owed it in a great measure to me. He was very sorry to part with his own girl, when the time of separation arrived; but it was too late to draw back; so, with many tears, I separated from my kind friends; and a few hours afterwards we were tossing on the waves of the Channel, sorry enough, now that the time was come, to leave the people and the place we loved behind us.

I am speaking for Julia and myself, as we lay crying in our cots. I do not think that her father cared much at that time for leaving England. His life had not been a happy one; and now, with his little daughter's fate in his charge, he seemed to be beginning the world anew. A sense of responsibility awoke within him. He watched the child narrowly. It was difficult for any one who attended upon her to serve her with sufficient assiduity, and he parted successively with all the attendants he had brought out with him. Before we had been a winter in Italy, our household was entirely remodelled. The *contadina*, with their bright locks and warm foreign manners, their caressing liquid accents and graceful gestures, pleased his artistic taste. He engaged two women fresh from their sunny homes in the bosom of the smiling hills around Albano to wait upon Julia, and the child caught up their beautiful language immediately.

Insensibly, our manners, perhaps our characters, changed. Living in that Italian clime, the eye fed upon sights of all that was loveliest in nature and art; our minds expanded rapidly, and very soon I felt that I could not have returned to the homely life I had quitted. No one knew who or what I was; and as we wandered from place to place, for Julia's health required constant change, I was taken sometimes for her elder sister, at others for her aunt, and on one occasion, as time went on, for her mother.

I shall not easily forget that day. We were sitting on the terrace in front of the villa in which we were residing for a time near Turin, when some insect crept out of the vine-leaves in the basket of fruit Julia was carrying, and stung her hand. I was frightened, and flew to her, for she was still a perfect child, and cried bitterly. An artist, who was sketching the view of the Alps from our garden, made a picture of us, while the child lay crying in my arms, as mother and daughter. When the sketch was finished, he handed it to Julia's father, entreating his acceptance of the portraits of his wife and daughter, as a return for his kind hospitality.

Julia laughed when she perceived his mistake; but her father made no effort to explain matters. He took the drawing, thanked the artist, saying that the likenesses were extremly good, and he should value it excessively. The next time I went into his room with Julia, I saw it hanging on the wall, opposite to his accustomed seat, mounted in a costly frame with a wide margin. Underneath the sketch was written, in his own hand, "Madre e Figliuola."

In spite of our unremitting care, Julia, as she grew up, did not become stronger. Her fair complexion was so exquisitely flushed with the rosy hue of health, as we persisted in calling it, that we disguised to ourselves the fact that those pearly tints and warm, fitful blushes were the harbingers of deadly disease. I scarcely recollect what position I held in the establishment during our long attendance upon her; I only know that it was one of great responsibility, and that when it ended—when, after wandering from land to land, we laid her at last to rest under the myrtle and orange-groves of Seville—it seemed to me that I was indeed, by the sacred chain of suffering, her mother!

My deep childish respect for her father still abided with me, but a tenderer feeling mingled with it as we sorrowed over her grave together. It was on my arm that he, the strong, haughty, powerful man leaned when we visited the spot, and saw the moonlight gleaming on the marble slab which contained the record of her short life and of our never-ending sorrow. I felt that his form trembled—the words he tried to speak died upon his lips unuttered; perhaps, if he had spoken in that softened hour, the color of our destiny might have been altogether different.

Very little communication had passed between me and my parents during these years of foreign travel. Now that my task was ended, I began to contemplate my return to them. Must I confess that the idea filled me with unmitigated dread?

I put aside the thought, and tried to regard my graver companion as a parent, but it was less easy to do so than formerly. As his deep grief wore slowly away, that proud, haughty nature unbent, and we became for the first time friends. I had no other companion now, and we read together books of Italian poetry, the language of which was more familiar to me than my native tongue. Our servants regarded us as near relatives. No curiosity was excited, as would have been the case in England, by our residing under the same roof. For some time, all went on smoothly.

One morning, when I was drawing in the shady court or garden at the back of the house, into which the apartments opened which had been appropriated to Julia and myself, her father suddenly stood beside me. It was very seldom that he broke in upon my solitude—for we met usually with some ceremony. I did not understand the meaning of his disturbed glances, but something in his manner struck me as peculiar, and I began to put away my pencils and brushes. He was so much agitated that I thought he might wish to be left alone with the memory of his daughter.

"Stay, Lucy," he said, when he saw that I was about to leave him—"Lucia," he added, smiling. "How much better I like the Italian pronunciation of our cold English words and names. Do you not think that you might almost pass for a native of the sunny peninsula, after all the years you spent there?"

"Possibly," I answered with some surprise; "Italy seems more like a home to me than England. But I suppose," I said, hesitating, unwilling to lose the opportunity he had afforded—"that I ought—that I must think of returning to my parents."

His dark eyes flashed fire. "That was not my meaning, Lucia. When we left home, your father and mother gave you to me. Your own wishes ratified the bond. Have I ever given you cause to wish it cancelled?"

"No," I said trembling, almost weeping. "I have been only too happy. I am afraid I am very unfit to live at home. But I must try to accustom myself to the position of an English farmer's daughter."

"That is absolutely and entirely out of the question," he said; "besides, I cannot part with you. Have you forgotten that angel's last words?"

I was dreadfully agitated. Julia with her dying breath had conjured me never to leave her father. I scarcely remembered what I had said. I did not know that he had heard what passed between us. I could not answer him.

"Lucia," he said, coming nearer to me, "you promised my darling child that you would never forsake me. At that moment, I scarcely thought what it was you were saying. I ought to have prevented your making a vow which circumstances have rendered so solemn; but I candidly confess that all my thoughts were wrapped up in my darling. It is different with me now. I do not love her less—neither of us can do that—but I love you more than all the world beside. Do you really wish to leave me?"

Closer and closer he drew me towards him as he spoke. I laid my head on his shoulder, and wept as if my heart would break.

It was the first caress he had given me. Even as a child, his manner to me had been always kind, but cold; and as a woman, he had always treated me with marked respect. Now I felt the wild throb of his heart beating against my own, the trembling of the hands that yet held me so firmly.

At last he released me. "Listen to me, Lucia," he said: "I have a plan to propose. You are too old to live with me as you have hitherto done, like a daughter; but we cannot part—you know what my position was in England. Some years hence, I may return to that country, but not at present. Our travels are not ended. I mean to take you to see everything that is most remarkable in climes yet nearer to the sun than this romantic land. India, Persia, the isles of the Pacific, where the coral and madrepore glow under the waters like the flowers of earth—you shall see them all; but you must first become my wife."

He paused. I knew not what to answer. "I am not worthy," I said at last, as my old habits of respect and deference came back. "You have forgotten the difference there is between us in station."

"No," he said; "I remember it well. You must give up all for me, Lucia—father, mother, and all associates of your former life. You must relinquish the whole world for me. Can you do this?"

The half-smile with which he spoke reassured me. He went on speaking rapidly.

"Circumstances have occurred which suggested to me the plan I propose. There has been a mistake. Your name has been inserted in the public papers as the companion of my daughter not only in life, but in the grave. Your parents believe you to have perished. Their grief has no doubt been deep, but they have other children—time has alleviated their sorrow. I, Lucia, have no one but you."

He put into my hand a short letter from my uncle, a person entirely a stranger to me, inquiring into the circumstances of my supposed death, which was reported to have taken place at Seville, the result of a fever which had been raging there virulently. The writing was that of an entirely illiterate common-place person, and the expression of feeling was trivial, and by no means calculated to impress me as, no doubt, the merest sentence in the handwriting of one of my own parents would have done. I gave it back in silence.

"You see they have already reconciled themselves to their loss. For me, it would be a life-long sorrow. Lucia, you must not leave me. If we ever return to England, no one will know you. Should we ever revisit Fairholme, my foreign wife would never be recognized as the little uneducated country-girl I took away with me. You cannot be again what you were then. Let the past be obliterated forever."

I cannot recall the arguments by which he won me over to his wishes. After all, his task was not so difficult as might be supposed, for I was in the habit of obeying him implicitly, and I had no friends to consult. It would have been impossible for me to remain with him longer except as his wife; and when he bent his whole soul to the effort of winning my affections, I could not oppose that irresistible will.

I daresay there were rejoicings in the place where I was born when the news arrived that the squire had married again; but no one dreamed that the old couple living at the Home Farm had any connection with his newly chosen bride. No congratulations met us, no crowd waited at the door of the foreign chapel, into which we walked almost alone. Nevertheless, my husband's second marriage was a happy one.

I had not much time given me for reflection. Those who sojourn as we did, year after year in foreign lands, changing their abode whenever its novelties are exhausted, have not the same associations to revive old feelings and reawaken conscience as the dwellers in English homes, where church-bells and village sights and sounds, repeated day by day and week after week, ring in our ears and pass before our eyes.

The cataracts and temples of the Nile, as we dreamily floated on its current, or stemmed the rapids, the gorgeous sunsets, the golden moonlights of the tropics, the tread of the camel, the languid motion of the palanquin, the caves of Ellora, the shifting sands of the desert, were familiar objects to me in the swiftly passing years, crowded with incident and adventure, during which we travelled together over Egypt, and Syria, and finally rested from our wanderings among English people, hearing our own language with delight, in the Indian cities of palaces.

I do not think that I felt any misgivings respecting the step I had taken during several happy years after our marriage—not, indeed, until I began to perceive in my husband a yearning desire to return to England. Our children were suffering from the Indian climate. We must send or take our little boy and his sister to England. When I saw which way the inclination which had so long guided my own pointed, I did not interpose any obstacle to the fulfilment of my husband's wishes; but now that I was a mother, I began to tremble lest my own misconduct in deceiving and forsaking my parents should be visited upon me through my children.

I scarcely realized what the return to my birth-place would cost me until, after more than twenty years of absence, I saw the oaks of Fairholme crowning the hill down which lay the road to the old Hall. The western heavens were flushed with crimson, and the reflection of the sunset glowed on the long range of upper windows. Two of these belonged to the room which had been Julia's nursery. I almost fancied that I saw her little childish face at the window looking out for me, as she had done a hundred times when I was on my way from the farm to the great house to play with her.

My hand was firmly clasped in my husband's. There was no one with us in the carriage. Our two children were with their ayahs in the old-fashioned family coach which had been sent to meet us at the town near our home. Our arrival had been only announced that morning; nevertheless, the whole village was astir to receive us. My husband returned the cordial welcoming of his humble neighbors with courtesy. His manners were certainly much softened. As for me, I shrank back, ashamed of being seen; unconvinced, as the old home-feelings rushed, for the first time for many years, upon me, how impossible it was that even my own parents should recognize me.

The climax of my suffering came when the carriage swept round the corner, and the last house in the long straggling village, the thatched roof and casement windows, the little garden, gay with summer flowers, with the path to the door through its centre, lay before me. I scarcely breathed till I had passed it; but my parents were old now. No one came out from that house to gaze at us.

The foreign lady, as my own people called me, was forgiven for not returning their greetings. When we stopped at our own door, and I forgot myself for a moment in my anxiety about the children's arrival, raising my veil for the first time that afternoon to look out for them, a loud hurrah rent the air. My husband drew my arm within his own, and stood calmly and collectedly on the steps under the portico, thanking the tenantry for their kind reception, and inviting them to regale themselves in the park, where tables were ordered to be laid out immediately. We heard them shouting, and drinking our healths and that of the children, after we had gone indoors, and while the nurses were preparing to lay my tired little ones in the beds where Julia and I had slept side by side, when any fancy of hers, or inclement weather, detained me at the great house.

I could not close my eyes when I lay down that night. A thousand times I wished myself a child again, sleeping within the little chintz-patterned bed-curtains at the farm. How I longed to run up the hill, and throw my arms around my mother's neck, and to hear the homely jests, which sometimes used to make me angry when my father spoke, after the soft language of the inmates of the Hall! Ah, I would have given the world to climb upon his knee, and hear him call me his own dear Lucy, and bid me not to be set up with the presents and compliments which I was but too fond of boasting about when I returned from the Hall.

I saw my parents for the first time in church. Their pew was not far from us. The silver-haired yeomen stood aside to let me pass. I bent my head reverentially. How little did he think that he had made way for his own daughter! I remembered the corner where I used to sit in their large square seat, the pattern of diamonds on the carpet that I used to count, my mother's black silk dress—it could not be the same, but the make was scarcely altered. She had not used spectacles formerly; but how my eyes grew dim as I watched her wiping my father's glasses and her own, and finding the places in the large old Bible and Prayer-book, which had been laid on the high desk, formed by the top of the pew, Sunday after Sunday, for more years than I could remember.

The magnitude of the fault I had committed came vividly before me as I looked at that dear old couple. My husband watched me anxiously. I do not know what were his feelings, but I believe them to have been that, if it were to be done again, he would not have brought his wife to Fairholme.

Though none of the domestics who had gone abroad with their master returned with us to England, very little change had taken place in the establishment maintained at home, beyond the inevitable alteration produced by our long absence. Time had laid a gentle hand on the still comely housekeeper. She seemed to me so like the image which I had retained of her in my mind ever since she used to feed Julia and me with sweet cakes in her pleasant room, that I trembled lest she should recognize me; but in the pale, slender woman of three-and-thirty, with a skin darkened by the hot sunshine of warmer skies than hung over the Fairholme oaks, there was little to remind her of the rosy, fair-haired English child who had been her young mistress's playfellow.

My silence was construed into ignorance of my native language. I had unconsciously, during our long residence abroad, acquired a foreign idiom; and the intelligence that their new lady was an Italian had been carefully instilled into the minds of all.

My evident emotion had gained for me their favor. The few words I uttered hesitatingly could scarcely be otherwise than gracious, when among those present there was not one who had not, on many occasions, shown me kindness. There was Hillary, the old gardener, who used to let me steal his flowers, and would load me with fruit to set out our deserts; there was Prior, the coachman; how often he had carried me in, in wet weather, through the mud to spend the afternoon with Julia in the long gallery where we played battledoor and shuttlecock, when, in the short, cold winter days, she was not permitted to leave the house.

Our children did not gain strength as rapidly as we expected. As for me, I never left the house, except to walk in the flower-garden at the back, where, in former days, I used to draw Julia up and down in the little carriage. The smoke rising from the chimneys of the farm on the hill seemed a constant reproach to me, but I dared not disobey my husband. I was more cut off from my parents now than I had felt when the sea first flowed between us.

The master was just the same as ever, the villagers said. If there was any change in his appearance, it was for the better. He certainly looked happier than formerly, when we first came home, but gradually his cheerfulness forsook him. Our boy, the darling of our vain hearts, inherited Julia's delicacy of constitution. Day after day, we saw him wasting away before our eyes. Even my anxiety to ask forgiveness of my parents was forgotten. Night after night, hour by hour, I watched over him, but his days were numbered. When the spring-flowers came out, in the season when the sun shone warmly, and the winds were cutting, we lost him. Then my little fairy girl began to fade away. She pined after her brother, wanting me to fetch him back to play with her. I believe that my anxiety about her kept me from feeling my first great loss as I should have done. I seemed to lose my boy over again, when, in the summer heat, she was laid low. There is nothing but the grave under the yew-trees in Fairholme churchyard left to me of my two eldest darlings—my little dark-haired Indian children.

We went away again for more than two years, travelling over different parts of England. When I returned to Fairholme, I was expecting soon to become once more a mother. How well I remembered the silencing of the church-bells, the disappointment of the villagers when Julia was born. Was the same scene to be acted over again? Was it fated that there should be no heir to Fairholme?

I felt in my heart that I deserved no better fortune as I lay back in the carriage faint and desponding; I could not even return the fond pressure of my husband's hand when the Fairholme oaks came once again in sight.

"Send for her," I said faintly. "I will not betray your secret; but let me have my own mother to tend me in my trial hour. I am so changed, she will never recognize me."

My husband did not oppose my wishes; and, a week afterwards, I was in my chamber at the hall, conscious of nothing but that my own parent was watching over me. She remembered that the squire's first wife had praised her skill as a tender of the sick, and imagined this to be the cause of the urgent request that she would come to the foreign lady. When my babe was born, my mother's arms received the young heir of Fairholme. This time, the church-bells rang their merriest peal, and, as I lay in my bed, I could see the red glow of the bonfires on the hill-top, under the broad canopy of the Fairholme oaks, and against the gray evening sky.

When my husband looked down fondly upon me, when I raised the coverlet from the brow of his little son, I do not think there was anything in the world he would have refused me.

As he stooped to kiss me, I drew his haughty head down, near, and yet nearer to me.

"Shall we risk losing him too, Augustus? Must pride always come between us and our darlings and Heaven's favor? Am I not your wife? What matters it how lowly I was born? You have raised me to your own station. Let my own mother's blessing and forgiveness hallow the birthday of our son. We shall never keep him with us if we do not humble ourselves before God."

A passionate flush did cross my husband's brow; but it soon passed away. I have never seen a shadow of anger on it since; and our boy is a noble little fellow, full of health and strength, the very pride and joy of our hearts. Is it because, when we thanked our Maker for giving him to us, we acknowledged our errors, and craved forgiveness, making such restitution as lay in our power for the sorrow our deception had caused in those honest hearts?

I am not ashamed to face the light of day now. I no longer seek to conceal my features, and feel my voice shake if I trust myself to speak within sight and hearing of my kindred. My family have never presumed on the discovery that their long-lost darling is the lady of the manor; nor has my husband ever had reason to regret that he yielded to my wish, and himself placed our baby in my own mother's arms, entreating her to ease my heart by her blessing and forgiveness.

We have several children now, and the Hall is very far from heirless. Their glad voices sound under the ancient oaks on the braes and in the hollows, and wake the echoes in the old garden at the farm where I used to play in my childhood. There is a glad light in my mother's eyes, which I missed when I first came back from my wanderings. My father's step is firmer; and though they visit us less often than we could wish, there is always a place and a welcome for my parents at the old Hall of